The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. OUTFIT 279 JUNE 1948

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

This pearl platinum fox from the HBC fur farm was Sweepstakes Champion at the Regina show last year and Reserve Sweepstakes Champion at Edmonton.

OUTFIT 279

CONTENTS

JUNE 1948

By a Northern Stream—R. Harrington 1
Runaway Ship—W. B. Cameron 5
Saving the Buffalo 10
Flowers of the Arctic 14
Pritchard and Lajimoniere—Clifford Wilson 18
Hunting with a Camera—Dan McCowan 22
Bella Coola—Clifford R. Kopas 26
King's Domain—J. McKenzie and J. A. Burgesse 32
Victoria's Oldest House—Corday Mackay 39
Down North in 1892—Grace Lee Nute 42
Book Reviews 47
Vice-Regal Visit 49

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. — WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, and the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited.

Arctic Institute

The *Beaver*, whose mission in life is to spread accurate information on the North by word and picture, welcomes a new friend, *Arctic*, a quarterly published by the Arctic Institute of North America in Montreal. Edited by Dr. Trevor Lloyd, and illustrated with a score of interesting photos and maps, it presents authoritative articles of a scientific nature on the North American Arctic, including Greenland.

Some idea of its character may be gained from the titles and authors of the chief articles in the first issue: International Co-operation in Arctic Research, by A. L. Washburn; The Search for the North Magnetic Pole, by R. Glenn Madill; Meteorological Services in Alaska, by F. W. Reichelderfer; The Danish Meteorological Service in Greenland, by Helge Petersen; the growth of Meteorological Knowledge of the Canadian Arctic, by Andrew Thomson; Encyclopedia Arctica, by Vilhjalmur Stefannson; and Greenland at the Crossroads, by Erling Porsild.

Another activity of the Arctic Institute is the McGill Summer School of Geography to be held at Stanstead College, P.Q., near the Vermont border, from July 5 to August 14. Courses will be given in polar problems, the geography of cold lands, the geography of Canada, and the climatology of the Arctic and Subarctic.

The institute also has available at least $5,000 for several senior grants-in-aid for scientific work in the North American Arctic and Subarctic during 1949. Applications should be sent to 805 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.

278 Years

The Company's 278th birthday was celebrated this year in various ways, chief among which was the visit of the Governor-General and Viscountess Alexander to Hudson's Bay House, in Winnipeg. (See page 49.) On the same day, May 1, the Calgary *Albertan* carried an editorial calling the attention of its readers to the part the Company had played in the development of the West. Headed "Still Young at 278," it ran as follows:

"Almost 200 years before there was a Dominion of Canada the Hudson's Bay Company was formed. Almost 200 years ago now that Company penetrated our western prairies in its search for furs, 174 years ago it built its first interior trading posts, 136 years ago it started the first farming operations on the prairies, 124 years ago it established a base on the Pacific at the mouth of the Columbia River, 111 years ago it extended its field to the Arctic Ocean, and 73 years ago it set up a store in Calgary. Truly the Hudson's Bay Company is an historic marvel. In a sense it is the West, for the West made it and it made the West.

"Widely known today as just 'The Bay,' it was first called the Company of Adventurers, and adventurers they were. Those were tough, rugged times, and both men and methods had to be tough and rugged too. The marvel is that the company was always able to keep trade and expansion uppermost, and that it so easily transformed itself into the great modern commercial enterprise it is to-day.

"City folks would do well to remember that 'The Bay' is not just a chain of large city department stores. It is still one of the world's foremost traders in furs. It is still the outpost of business in Canada's far north. It is still a company of explorers. Although its 278th birthday is tomorrow, it is still young."

Eureka

Murray Dean is a young man who joined the Company shortly before the recent war and in 1941 went to the Eastern Arctic, where he remained until joining the Royal Canadian Navy in 1943. After demobilization the Arctic lured him back, and now he occupies the most northerly habitation in the English speaking world—Eureka Sound— a weather station established last year just below the 80th parallel on Ellesmere Island.

In case you've forgotten, perhaps we should mention that this is only ten degrees (720 miles) south of the North Pole. It's even farther north than the R.C.M.P.'s farthest, Bache Peninsula, also on Ellesmere Island. But it's still about 120 miles farther south than the weather station established by Greeley in 1881. This was at Fort Conger, on the east coast of Ellesmere.

Eureka Sound, incidentally, also boasts a Canadian post office; so that Mr. Dean is able not only to get letters periodically from his friends, but also to send them in return all the latest news from 80° North. If any friends of his read this, the address is simply Eureka Sound, N.W.T., Canada, and the postage, despite the distance, is the same as for any out-of-town post office in the Dominion.

Mercy Flight Sequel

The manager of the Fur Trade's B.C. section, G. A. Beare, has sent us a sequel to the story of Father Buliard's rescue, told in the March *Beaver*. It concerns the Junkers single-engined aircraft, CF-ASN, which flew to Repulse Bay in 1939 and brought the injured priest to Winnipeg. On February 15 last, Mr. Beare flew in this same machine from Prince George to Fort Grahame, and the following day it left for Prince George via McLeod's Lake.

Some time after leaving that post, the engine suddenly failed, and the aircraft crashed in a stand of poplar. Fortunately the pilot, engineer, and passenger escaped with only slight injuries. "The starboard wing was badly damaged," wrote Mr. Beare, "and the tail broken off, but otherwise the plane remained practically in one piece, which is a tribute to the stamina of these old machines. However, the whole plane was badly strained, and I do not believe it will ever fly again."

Committee Changes

Sir Alexander Murray, K.C.I.E., C.B.E., deputy-governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1932-46, resigned from the London Committee in April, and was succeeded by Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, K.G., G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O., who was chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1941-46. Lord Alanbrooke is also a director of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and of the Midland Bank and the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company.

The secretary of the H B C, J. Chadwick Brooks, retired on March 31, after more than twenty-six years' service, and was succeeded by R. A. Reynolds, formerly assistant secretary.

We regret to report that H. B. Lyall, a member of the Canadian Committee for eighteen years, died on March 12 at his country estate at Little Britain on the banks of the Red River. Mr. Lyall retired from the Committee at the end of January this year.

John, Donald, and Felix

Mrs. J. W. Mills, widow of Captain Mills of the Company's Mackenzie River Transport, and sister of Dr. Charles Camsell, saw the picture of the *Wrigley's* crew in the last *Beaver* and pointed out that one of them (second from left) was our old friend Johnny Berens. At the time the photo was taken, fifty-six years ago, Johnny already had seven years of service to his credit. And yet it was only last year that he retired from the Company.

Sixty-two years of service to one company is something to be proud of—on both sides. But it is not a record. The all-time official record is held by none other than Lord Strathcona—76 years. He joined the Company as an apprentice in 1838 and was associated with it till his death in 1914. Unofficially, the record is held by Felix Shaw, who died in 1928, and is said to have served the Company for 96 of his 106 years.

Back to the Water

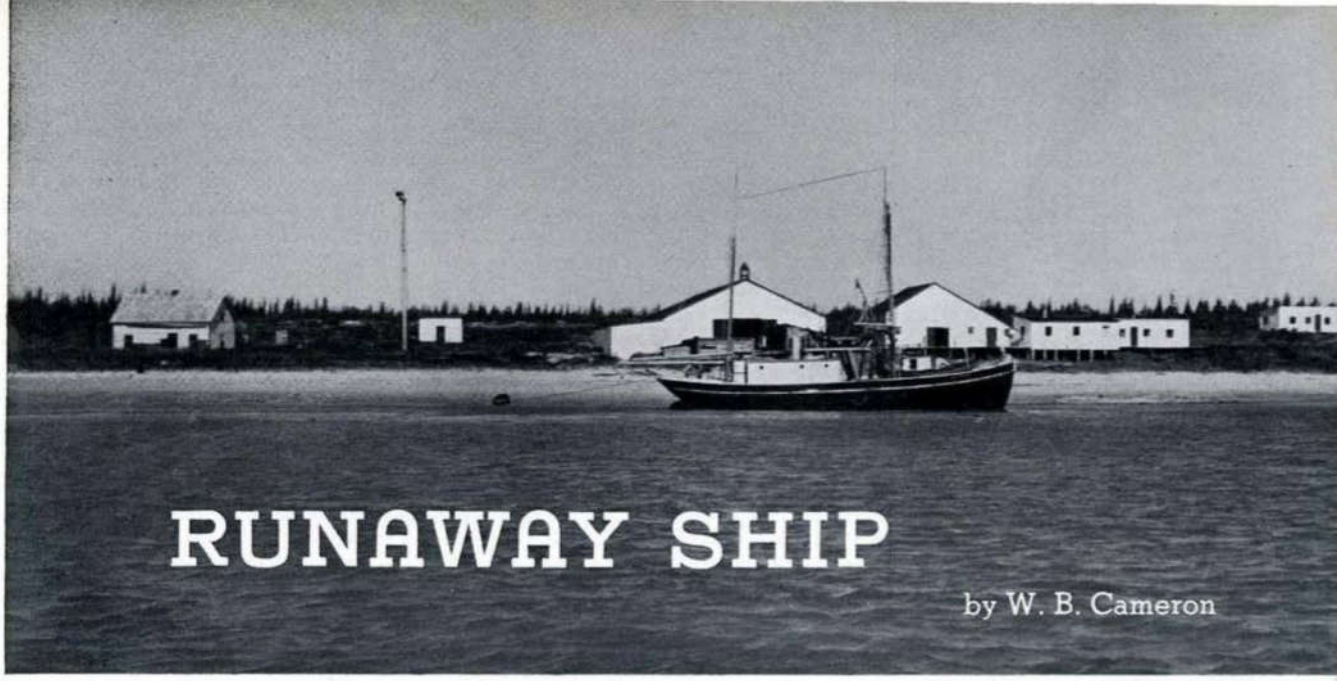
In a recent issue of that excellent American magazine, *Gourmet*, Lucius Beebe pointed with scorn to the disorganization, last winter, of the world's most highly civilized community—New York City—under the influence of two feet of snow. He observed that in the horse-and-buggy days, two feet of snow would have meant no more to New York than it does to-day in country communities. Trains would not have been stalled by power cut-offs, and sleighs would have replaced wheeled vehicles on the streets.

As these lines are written, parts of the city of Winnipeg are being somewhat discommoded under considerably more than two feet of flood waters from the nearby rivers. River bank residents have been forced to let their basements flood, and many have left their houses for higher and drier levels. But in a country where some people can still remember the Red River cart trails that preceded to-day's paved highways, such natural catastrophes are met with more adaptability. The Red and Assiniboine rivers, which for so long were the natural highways of the country, have become highways once more. Where automobiles are useless, transportation is carried on in watercraft, and the great Winnipeg store of the Hudson's Bay Company, lineal descendant of the Fort Garry fur trading post, has once more been making deliveries by canoe.

We regret to say there is no truth, however, in the report that the delivery men were uniformed in blanket capotes, stroud leggings, and Assomption belts . . .

Contributors

WILLIAM BLOWEY is manager of the muskrat marsh at Steeprock, Manitoba. . . . J. A. BURGESSE, of Arvida, P.Q., is an employee of the Saguenay Power Co. . . . W. B. CAMERON, chronicler of the young West, is now living at one of his old stamping grounds, Loon Lake, Saskatchewan. . . . LYN HARRINGTON, free lance writer, accompanies her photographer husband Richard on most of his journeys in search of story and picture material. . . . FRANK L. HEYES is fur manager for the Company in Canada. . . . CLIFFORD R. KOPAS owns a photograph and gift shop at Bella Coola. His picture story of Tweedsmuir Park appeared in the *Beaver* a year ago. . . . C. D. LANAUZE is an ex-assistant-commissioner of the R.C.M.P., now living in retirement at Lacombe, Alberta. . . . C. W. LOWE is assistant professor of botany at the University of Manitoba. . . . MISS CORDAY MACKAY is librarian of Baron Byng High School, Vancouver, B.C. . . . DAN McCOWAN, of Banff, is a well known writer and lecturer on nature subjects. . . . JAMES MCKENZIE, a younger brother of Hon. Roderick McKenzie, entered the North West Company in 1794 and was appointed to the charge of the King's Posts in 1806. At his death in 1849 he was described as an "agent of the Hudson's Bay Company." . . . PHILIP H. OVERMEYER, Ph.D., is professor of history and economics at Lewis and Clark College, Portland, Oregon. . . . CLIFFORD WILSON is the editor of the *Beaver*.



RUNAWAY SHIP

by W. B. Cameron

"Fort Churchill" at Charlton Depot in 1933. Max Sauer.

How the "Fort Churchill" vanished in a storm; how she was found, two years later, six hundred miles away; and how she was salvaged with the aid of an artistic Eskimo.

IN the late fall of 1913 the fifty-six-ton ketch *Fort Churchill*, trim, new, stoutly built, left Falmouth, England, for York Factory, headquarters or trade depot of the Hudson's Bay Company on the west coast of Hudson Bay. She carried as ballast a quantity of coal—the bulk of which on her arrival was unloaded—and was then moved a considerable distance up the Nelson River, which here empties into the Bay. There she was moored, pending her employment in the spring as the distributing agent for the trading posts on the west coast. In this isolated spot she was judged safe from harm of any sort and no one was left aboard.

Now the waters on the west coast at York Factory are shallow, so shallow in fact that the large ship which annually brought to the depot from England the goods requisitioned for the trade of the following year or "outfit," and took on the furs collected during the previous one, was obliged to anchor some miles offshore, whence everything was lightered to and from the depot in small boats before the ship returned to London with her cargo of pelts. When the winds blew from the east across the wide sweep of this immense inland sea, the shallow waters at York were heaped up and driven inshore, raising the Nelson River far above normal depth.

Soon after the arrival of the *Churchill* an easterly gale, lasting three days, lashed the west coast and added unnumbered feet to the depth of the Nelson. When at length it blew itself out and the flood subsided, a party was sent up river to report the damage it was anticipated the vessel must have incurred. The men returned quickly with startling information. No trace of the *Churchill* was to be found! What had happened to the ship was at once evident. She had snapped her mooring chains and been carried in the darkness on the receding waters out into the Bay.

The disappearance of the *Churchill* was reported to the Company's head office in Winnipeg, and all post managers around the Bay were notified to report at once any news of the missing ship. They were instructed also to advise the Indians and Eskimos trading at their posts to the same effect. But for more than a year, though vague rumours of a mysterious unmanned ship seen racing wildly here and there about the open Bay reached the Company, they were dismissed as idle imaginings or inventions. For the *Churchill*, in the judgment of Company men, had been either crushed in the ice or smashed by the mountainous billows of the great inland sea, and she had been written off the Company's books as a total loss.

Then something happened to change this dolorous view.

The manager of the Company's James Bay district at this time was Frank D. Wilson, an officer of long service, from whom many years later I first heard some of the details of this story. In the winter of 1914-15 Mr. Wilson, while on an inspection trip along the east coast of the Bay, visited the post at Great Whale River and was told by the man in charge that two Eskimos had arrived there a day or so previously, with a story of a ship lying with her nose on a rocky beach in the centre of the Belchers, a group of thirty bare and forbidding islands some seventy miles northwest of Whale River.

Here indeed was surprising news, and Wilson was at first disposed to discredit it. But later he concluded to learn what truth there was, if any, in the natives' story, and Ernest Renouf, then a young clerk at Whale River post, was delegated to accompany the Eskimo newsbearers back to the Belchers, armed with a camera to take pictures of the ship. In March 1948, I called on Mr. Renouf and learned of his part in the affair.

This trip of his was an ordeal not soon to be forgotten. It was April, the season in that hyperborean region of melting snow and slush, of yawning cracks and enormous high-pressure ridges in the icefield, necessitating long detours, the whole combining to

make a nightmare of travelling, not only dangerous but difficult and exhausting in the extreme. Four days and two changes of guides and dog teams were required for the young trader to reach his objective, the small bay into which, as by a miracle, the strange ship was alleged to have stumbled. But here at last his fortitude and doggedness were rewarded and the hardship and discomfort he had undergone forgotten. For, bursting at last upon the bay and glancing across, there, buried to the rail beneath a mountain of snow, rested the mystery ship!

So the Eskimos had not been bringing fanciful tales to the Company men, after all. But was she the *Churchill?* That he would soon determine.

Accompanied by his two native companions, Renouf hurried across and, using the shovels they had brought with them on the sled for the purpose, all three attacked the heavy drift enshrouding the ship. After an hour's furious digging they uncovered the lettering printed on the bow, and Renouf read with a thrill as he gazed at it the name, *Fort Churchill!*

But how under the sun could the vagabond ship have found her way unguided through the maze of channels veining the Belchers to the secluded and peaceful spot in the middle of the group where she had at last come to safe harbourage? This problem for a time stumped Renouf, but at length a possible solution suggested itself. Might not some party of Eskimos, hunting at a distance from their home ground, have sighted the ship adrift in the open waters of the Bay, attached their heavy sealing lines to the wanderer, and actually *towed* her to the point to which Renouf had been guided? The masts were gone. And how the natives, who had hacked them down, would exult over obtaining in their treeless islands the sound and seasoned wood in these tall spars! The Eskimo has a genius for mechanics, and out of this wood he could fashion the framework for many a kyak and komatik. But to cut and carry off this priceless material would require time, and they would assuredly delay reporting the vessel's discovery until this business had been disposed of. Unless this was the interpretation of the *Churchill's* location, the riddle appeared unsolvable.

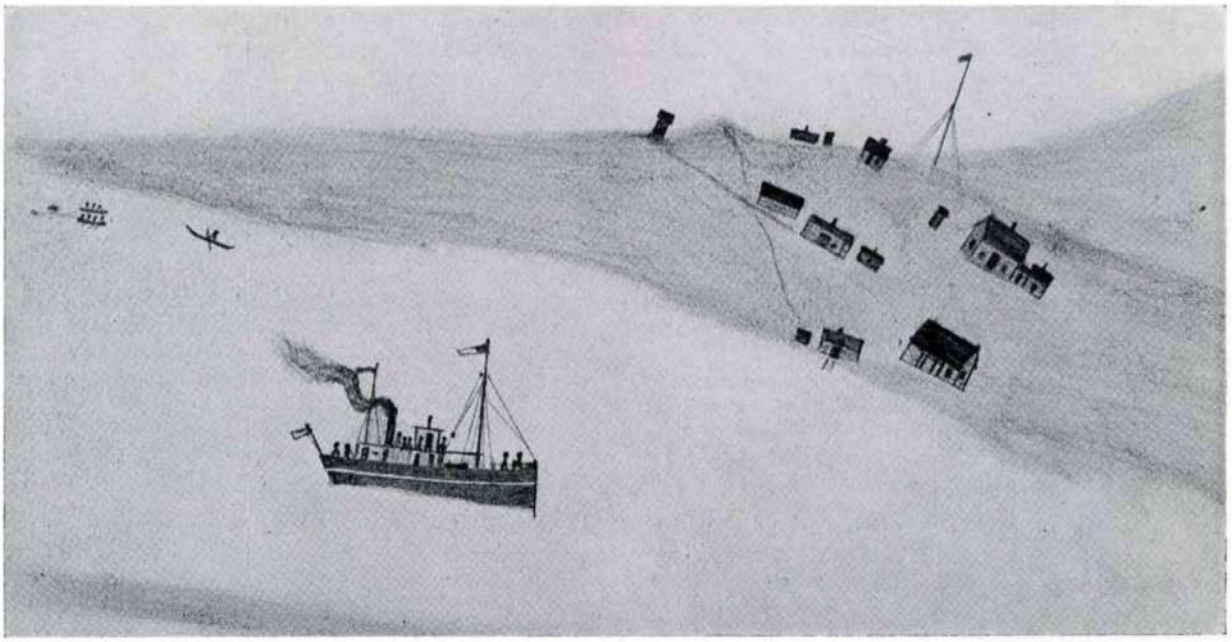
After using up his films on pictures of the *Fort Churchill*, many showing her name on the bow, Renouf returned to Whale River in a much happier frame of mind.

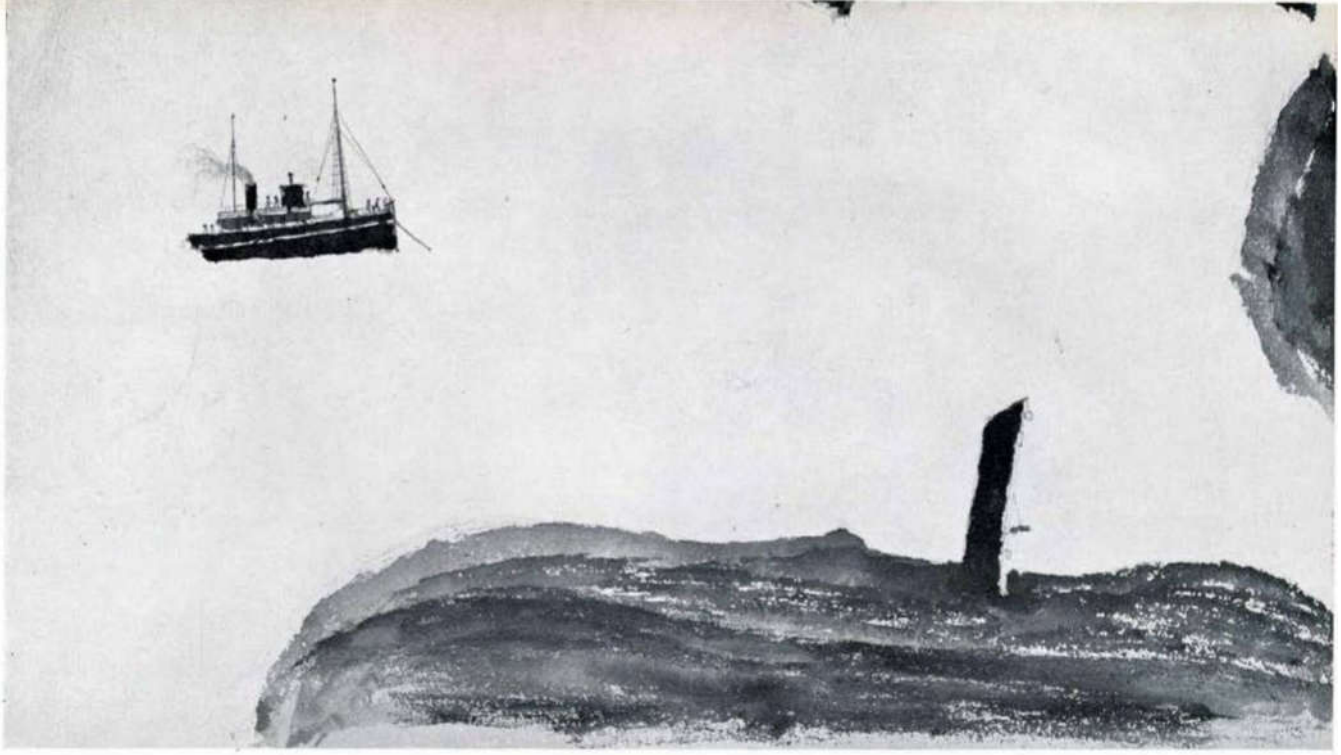
The good news had now to be forwarded as fast as possible to the district manager; so shortly after arriving at Great Whale, Renouf set out for Fort George, 130 miles down the coast. An Eskimo with a komatik and a kayak took him over the treacherous sea-ice as far as Cape Jones, then two others guided him to a place where he met some Indians. These Indians then took him in their canoe to Fort George, and from there the letter announcing the discovery of the *Churchill* was sent by boat to Rupert's House. Wilson received it at Moose in time to make a special trip outside and return with instructions to salvage the vessel that summer, if possible.

But the thick ice which forms during the long winter in Hudson Bay had not entirely disappeared before midsummer, and no move could be made before August. In that month Wilson set out from Moose Factory in the Company supply steamer *Inenew*, and at Charlton Island picked up two Eskimos. He had engaged as pilot for the Belchers a wily native named Oomeralook, known as "The King of the Belchers," who knew every nook and channel in the islands and whose authority over the whole native population was undisputed. As interpreter he secured Weetalltook, accounted the most intelligent and reliable of the Belcher Eskimos, who was also familiar with the location of the vagrant vessel.

The day they left Charlton, Wilson noticed Weetalltook busily engaged on some mysterious task with a lead pencil and a sheet of paper. Now what possible use could a primitive native have for material of service only to civilized persons? Wilson was puzzled. While Weetalltook had a fair understanding of everyday English and could even speak it after a fashion,

The "Inenew" arrives at Great Whale River. One of twenty-one sketches made by the Eskimo artist, Weetalltook.





The "Inenew" finds the "Fort Churchill" beached in the Belchers.

he could neither read nor write. Curiosity at length led the Hudson's Bay man to investigate, and he found himself gazing in some astonishment over his interpreter's shoulder at a sketch of Charlton Depot.

Wilson had an idea. "Weetalltook," he said, "this that you have done is good, *very* good. Now, before we come back to Moose Factory we are going to see many places and things that are wonderful. I would like to have many pictures like this—ten, twelve maybe—pictures of some of the things you think most pretty, that make you stare, look hard. Could you make these pictures?"

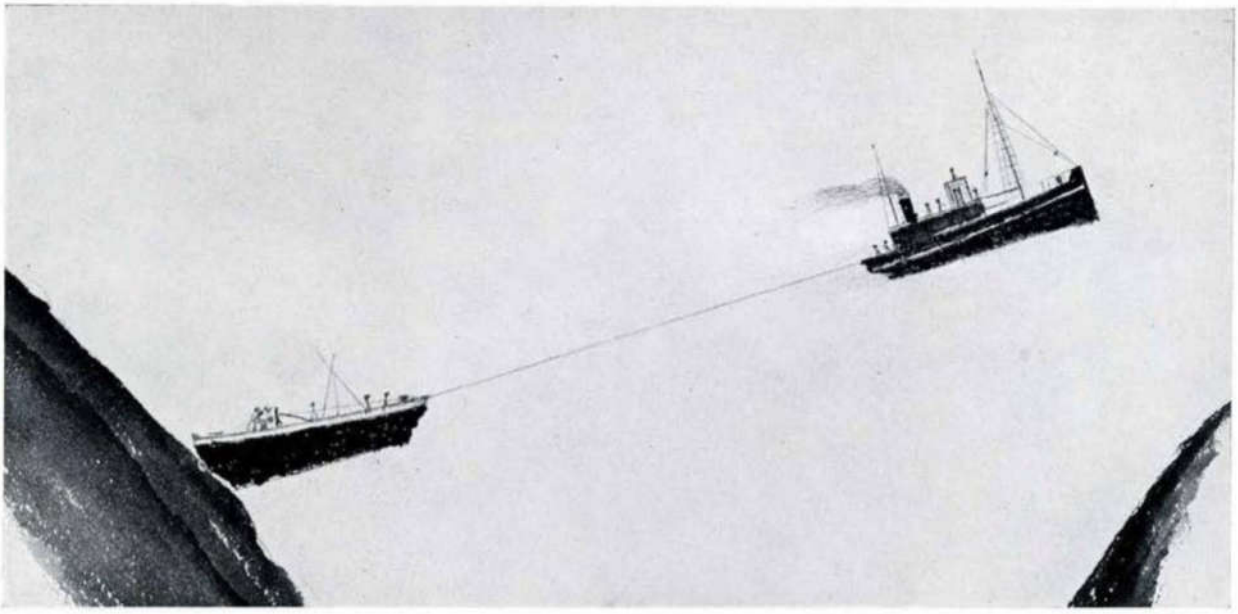
Weetalltook grinned delightedly. Praise like this—and from a master of the Great Company! He was superlatively flattered. "*Ah-ee!*" he assented.

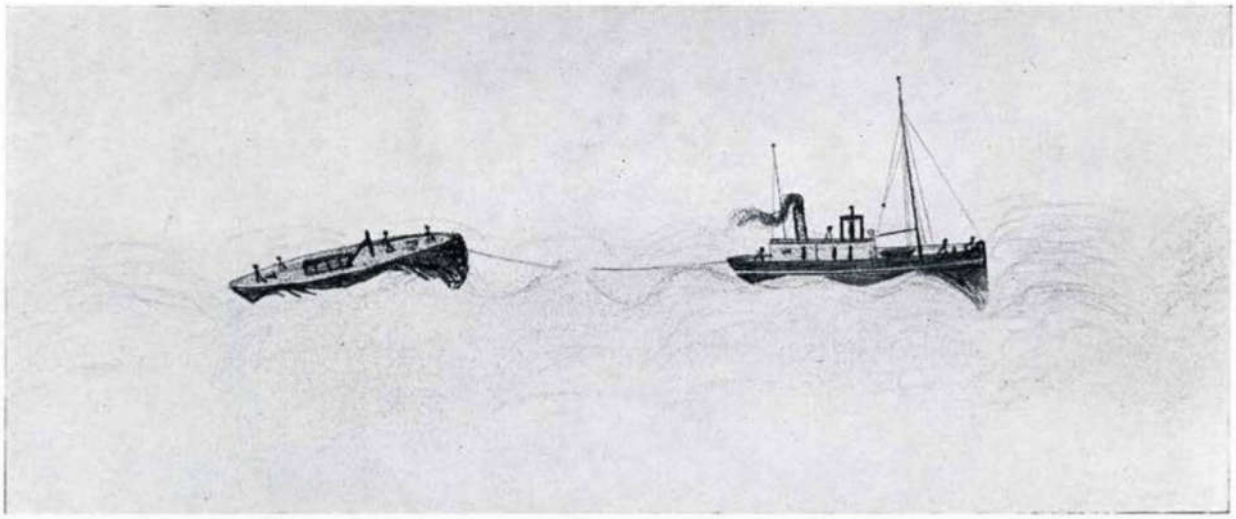
"Good, then; do this. And when we come back to Charlton, if the new pictures are as fine as this, you will be paid in goods and money two times as much as I promised you."

This assurance of double pay was almost too prodigal for belief and Weetalltook beamed satisfaction. Thereafter, as day by day the *Inenew* ploughed on, he missed no opportunity when things were running smoothly to work on whatever scene happened at the moment to have engaged his interest.

Once the *Inenew* entered the maze of islands, however, his duties left the Eskimo artist little time to use his pencil. But eventually she slipped abruptly out of a narrow winding gut into the smooth water of a little rockribbed bay and from the excited crew

Towing the "Churchill" from her perch. Weetalltook's drawings shown here were taken from a sketch book now in possession of F. D. Wilson's son Larry.





The "Inenew" and the "Churchill" weathering the storm in which the towline snapped.

came a burst of cheering that shattered the silence of that hushed and brooding spot. For directly opposite, her bow high on the rocky beach and hull low in deep water astern, lay the long missing *Fort Churchill!*

The big surprise of the trip to the *Inenew's* crew came when they crossed the little bay to examine the vessel. It had been taken for granted that the mauling she had undergone in two years from the fierce blasts and shattering seas sweeping the vast expanse of the great bay would have left her little better than a wreck. But they had miscalculated the capacity of the tough little vessel to take punishment. Her hull was built of three-inch oak plank. But the ice of two years' drifting had made a narrow groove, in places more than two inches deep, girdling the ship at the water line. Seepage at these weakened points had partly filled the hold. Apart from these crippling injuries and the missing masts and other woodwork, damage to the tight little vessel was slight.

Salvaging operations were at once begun. The hold was emptied of bilge water and the last of the coal ballast, the engines and all heavy machinery and fittings were removed and cables were run from the *Churchill* to the rescue ship.

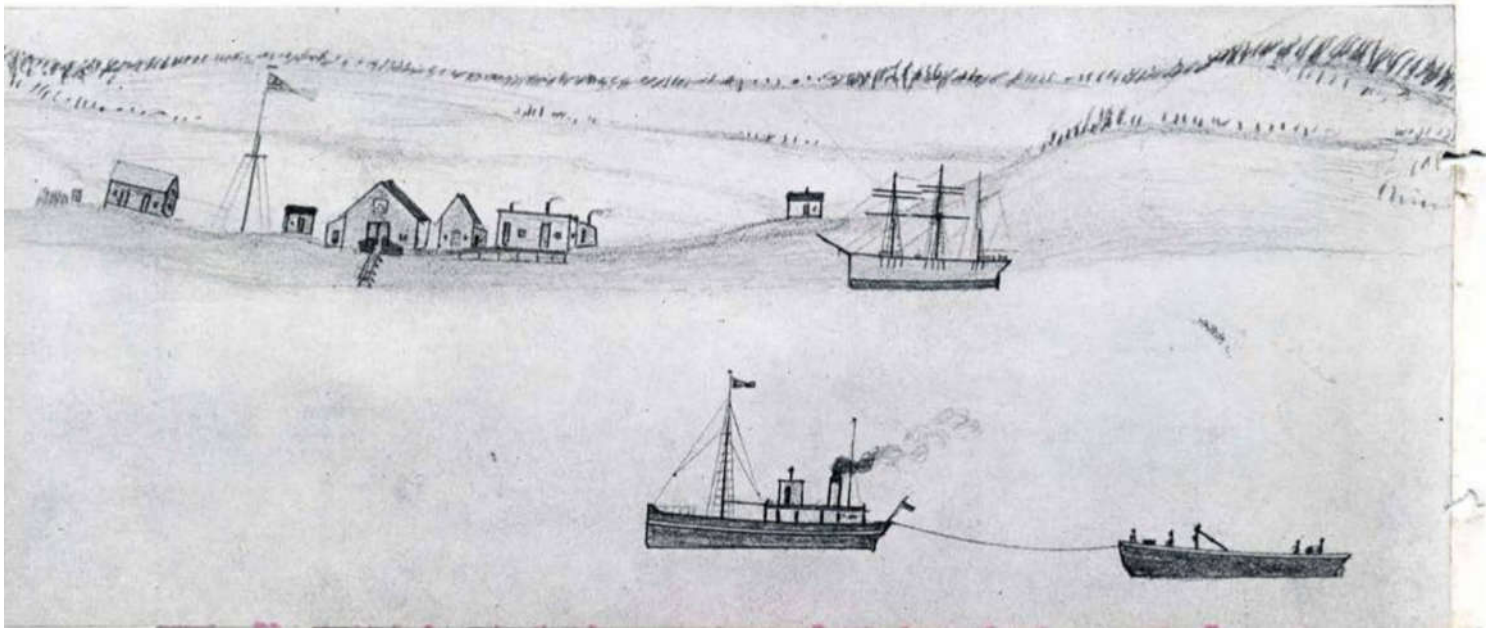
Temporary repairs were made. Renouf stripped and dove several times into the deep and icy waters alongside the ship to retrieve for Chief Engineer E. G. Cadney some cherished engine parts that had either fallen or been dropped overboard by the natives. After three or four days came the high spring tide they were waiting for, and now everything was ready for the final test. Would the rocks upon which the vessel rested open a gaping hole in her bow and make difficult, if not impossible, the job of taking her out when released? Or would she come off unscathed?

The bell from the pilot house to the engine room jangled. The engines of the *Inenew* began to turn over slowly. The cables tightened, and gradually the *Churchill* slid from her perch into the water.

The pilot took the recovered vessel unharmed out of the Belchers and headed for home. But on the way from Great Whale to Charlton a storm came up and the tow line snapped.

"I was at the wheel of the *Churchill* at the time," Renouf told me, "my crew of one was asleep forrard after his watch was over, and the *Inenew* took a long time to discover that we were no longer attached to her. I was keeping the *Churchill* bow on to the seas

Safely back at Charlton. The other ship is the Danish barque "Sorine," which grounded there in 1910. Compare Weetalltook's sketch with the photo on page five.



The "Churchill" in winter quarters at Moose Factory, 1934. Harvey Bassett.

and wondering how I could rig up a jury sail, when the *Inenew* finally turned about to pick us up again. My crew slept through it all as I couldn't leave the wheel to wake him. We were put on a stronger and shorter hook-up and continued on our way." The *Churchill* reached Charlton safely, and then was towed to Moose for repairs.

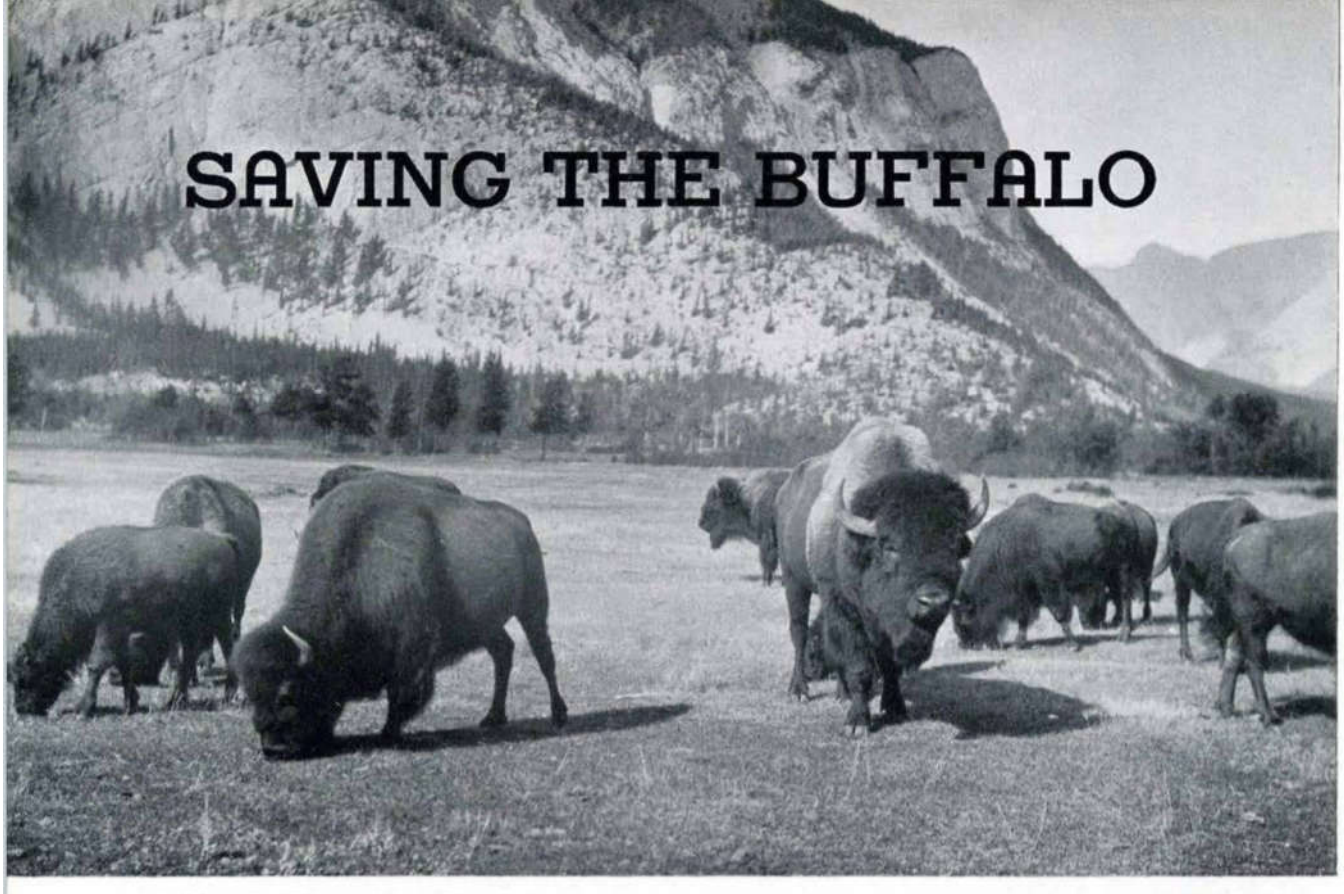
Mr. Renouf also wrote a short account of the salvaging which was published in the *Beaver* for November 1921. Writing of the subsequent career of the vessel up to that time he says:

"Though six years have elapsed and twice have attempts been made to take her out by Hudson Strait and down to Newfoundland, [towed by the *Nascopie*] she still lies, a vessel with an evil name, as officers and men who manned her swear that the vessel is bewitched. On both occasions very stormy weather was encountered, the ice field was unduly thick, engine trouble broke out at critical moments, and the vessel had to return to Moose, having barely weathered through. A mutinous ship having broken away from her chains, recaptured and given the best of treatment, refuses to fulfil her life's work.

"What the vessel's ultimate career may be remains to be seen; personally, having examined her in a blizzard; taken my trick at the wheel whilst in tow, dismasted, and bucking in heavy seas; and been violently seasick in the doing thereof, I shall ever take a very tender interest in whatever fate Destiny holds for her."

By the time those words were printed, however, she had already begun a period of useful service which lasted, with only one interruption, for eighteen years. In 1921-2 she replaced the *Fort York* as supply boat out of York Factory—the job for which she was originally intended. From 1923 to 1927 she was based at Moose Factory and supplied the posts around James Bay. Then for three years she was laid up at Moose. 1931, however, saw her again freighting around James Bay, and this she continued to do, under Capt. Jens Ole Neilsen, until she made her last voyage. In 1933 she went up to the Belchers to establish the Company post there, and she continued to call at that post until 1939, when she was laid up at Moose Factory. Two years later she was burnt, and her charred remains are still to be seen on the flats opposite the post.

SAVING THE BUFFALO



Buffalo in Banff National Park, Alberta. Some of these may be descendants of the animals sent there by Sir Donald Smith.
W. F. Montgomery.

The following article has been written from various sources. Two of them are interviews with the late Charles V. Alloway of Winnipeg—one given by him to the Winnipeg Tribune *in 1925 and the other to the late Thomas W. Leslie in 1920. A third is the booklet,* The Last of the Buffalo, *written by a Winnipeg newspaperman who watched the last round-up, published in 1909 and illustrated with photos by Norman Luxton of Banff, who has also supplied some of the data.*

Hon. James McKay, speaker of the first Manitoba legislature, and later Minister of Agriculture, who with the Alloway brothers began the saving of the buffalo seventy-five years ago.

THE Alloway brothers, William and Charles, came to Fort Garry with the troops in 1870-71; but after affairs military petered out, they went into the freighting business with Hon. James McKay of Deer Lodge, speaker of the first Manitoba legislature. They had over four hundred horses and several hundred oxen, and used to team-freight with Red River carts from Winnipeg to St. Paul and Winnipeg to Edmonton. Also, every spring, they went out on the big spring buffalo hunt to get hides which they sold to the H B C at Fort Garry.

As an illustration of how numerous the buffalo were in those days, Charles Alloway told the *Tribune:* "One day we were camping in the Qu'Appelle valley. We heard the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of their stampeding feet coming towards us. This was at ten o'clock in the morning. They were racing for the ford of the river there. The Indians advised that we move our camp into the nearby bush. We did so just in time. For twenty-four hours and longer they were coming in long, loping columns, passing at the rate of about ten a second. I think I err on the side of conservatism when I say that nearly one million animals crossed that ford in slightly more than twenty-four hours."

It was in 1873 that Mr. Alloway and his partners realized the day might soon dawn when the vast bison herds would be no more. They had bought as many as 21,000 hides from a brigade of hunters, paying $3 for the average and $4 for the large ones. That rate of killing them off, they knew, could not go on for ever, especially when there were dozens of brigades out hunting at one time. So that year they decided to try and raise some calves in captivity. "First we got hold of a domestic cow to feed the calves," Mr.

Alloway told his interviewer. "Then we joined Pierre la Vaille's brigade with an ox cart. That cow got pretty tired at times before we were through with her! We didn't come up with a large herd until we were southwest of Battleford on the Battle River. After the slaughter was over, some motherless calves came up to our campfire and hung around looking pathetic. We went after three of them—two bulls and a heifer—and brought them back to Deer Lodge. Once they got used to our cow, they did well, and she raised the three of them.

"The following April, that of 1874, we struck west again with a large brigade of hunters. These brigades were really migratory tribes of Indians or half-breeds, having 80 to 100 hunters, their wives and families, ox-carts and horses, in all perhaps 2,000 human souls. We did not come up with the buffaloes until some time in May, and then they were west of Milk River, halfway between Regina and Moose Jaw and near the international border. This time we also got three calves—one bull and two heifers—all our cow could raise. But in spite of all we could do, one of the three, the bull, sickened and died. It is exceedingly difficult to make the calves take to a domestic cow.

"Thus, with two bulls and three heifers, the foundation for our buffalo herd was laid. In 1877 there was a pronounced shortage of buffaloes. But a hunter we sent out got thirty head quite close to Winnipeg, south of Pembina mountains. Fires, or predators and hunters had driven them down there. In 1878 and 1879 they began to go away again and from then on they were practically unknown.

"In the spring of 1878 our little herd had grown from five calves to thirteen animals purebred and three cross-bred to domestic cattle. By this time we realized something of the value of the few we had, although we did not know that the prairie buffalo was practically extinct. We kept them at Deer Lodge in summer and Baie St. Paul in winter. We fed them hay and tended them in shelters much the same as domestic cattle."

Early in 1878, the Alloway brothers decided to leave the freighting business and go into banking. In February, the partners held an auction sale, and sold their herd for $1000 to Col. Sam Bedson, governor of Stony Mountain Penitentiary, who the year before had bought from them a bull, four heifers, and five calves.

"The morning after Governor Bedson bought our buffaloes," Mr. Alloway told the reporter, "A cow dropped a calf. That same day the herd was moved 22 miles by road from Deer Lodge to Stony Mountain, round by Winnipeg. The same night they came back, 18 miles in a bee line, to Deer Lodge, the one-day-old calf with its mother tramping through the deep snow. The third day they were moved back to Stony Mountain—a total distance of 62 miles covered by a three day old buffalo. No domestic calf could do one quarter of that at the same age."

Col. Bedson cross-bred the buffalo with domestic cattle, and obtained some interesting results. Dr. W. T. Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Society, quotes a letter from Bedson, written in 1888[1]:

"The half-breed resulting from two crosses as above mentioned has been again crossed with the throughbred buffalo bull, producing a three-quarter breed animal closely resembling the buffalo, the head and robe being quite equal, if not superior. The half breeds are very prolific. The cows drop a calf annually. They are also very hardy indeed, as they take the instinct of the buffalo during blizzards and storms, and do not drift like native cattle. They remain in our open prairies while the thermometer ranges from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, with little or no food except what they rustle on the prairie and no shelter at all. . . . I consider the meat of the half breed much preferable to domestic animals, while the robe is very fine indeed, the fur being evened up on the hind parts, the same as on the shoulders."

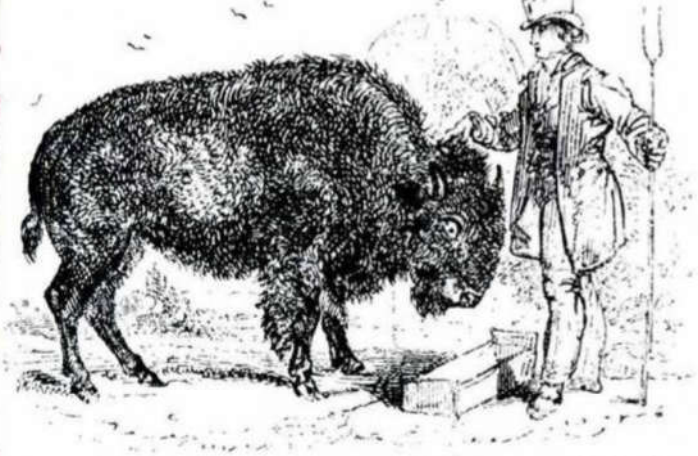
Lt.-Col. Samuel Bedson, governor of Stony Mountain penitentiary, Manitoba, who was largely responsible for saving the buffalo by breeding them in captivity. He also obtained some interesting results with hybrids.

This however, was by no means the first time that cross breeding had been tried. Humboldt in his *Aspects of Nature* quotes Albert Gallatin, the distinguished diplomat, as saying that "The mixed breed was quite common . . . in some of the northwestern counties of Virginia [where he lived before 1795]; and the cows, the issue of that mixture, propagated like all others." Humboldt adds: "According to the statement of Gomara, there was still living in the northwest of Mexico, in latitude 40°, an Indian tribe whose principal riches consisted in herds of tame bisons or buffalo."[2]

The Hudson's Bay Company had tried domesticating the buffalo at least as early as 1842. In the year Col. Bedson wrote the above remarks, the Senate it Ottawa held an enquiry into the resources of the Mackenzie River basin. At one point in the proceedings the chairman asked Hon. William Christie, an ex-Hudson's Bay man, "Is it your opinion that the wood buffalo could be crossed with the domestic animal?" Mr. Christie replied: "As far back as 1842, the Hudson's Bay Company had at Fort Edmonton a herd of buffalo. They began by taking come calves, and from these the herd increased until they had some thirty altogether. These used to herd out with the other cattle and come in with them. All at once the [wild] buffalo came near Edmonton and this herd

1. Hewitt, C. Gordon, *The Conservation of the Wild Life of Canada*, N.Y., 1921, p. 139.

2. Hind, Henry Y., *Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition of 1857*, Vol. II, p. 112-3.



The buffalo heifer presented by the Company to the London Zoo about 1830.

went off with the others. It was the impression then, from their mixing with the other cattle, that they would not cross, because there were not any signs of it, and I was not aware that they would until I saw that it had proved successful with Bedson's herd."

Tame buffalo were also kept for a while at York Factory in 1840. Letitia Hargrave, writing to her father on September 2nd of that year, reports:

"There are 2 young buffaloes feeding before our house previous to being sent home [i.e., to England—probably for the London Zoo] . . . The animals are tame & will eat salt out of the hand." Three years later she wrote: "There are two unfortunate Buffaloes on their way to the ship, where as usual they will meet their doom. Two years ago there were 3, all of them were literally hunted to death. Wilson sent all the Indians & Orkney men to catch & put them on board the Schooner. Instead of enclosing them in a circle, the whole party chased them through the Fort till the poor creatures lay down. . . . One died before it got on board the ship, the others immediately after."[3]

Before this, however, the Company had successfully transferred buffalo to England, for in a book published in 1831, *The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society*, there is an illustration (reproduced here) of a heifer presented by them to the London Zoo.

At Stony Mountain, Col. Bedson was so successful that in ten years after purchasing the Deer Lodge buffalo, his herd had increased to 110 head, consisting of 85 thoroughbred bulls and cows, 8 half-breed cows and bulls, and 17 calves, mixed and pure. In 1888 he disposed of the entire herd, selling 27 thoroughbreds to Sir Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona) for his farm at Silver Heights, west of Winnipeg, and the remainder to C. J. "Buffalo" Jones of Garden City, Kansas, who paid him $50,000. Sir Donald gave the City of Winnipeg five head, sent thirteen to Banff National Park, and kept the rest at Silver Heights. But later, when he left the West, he gave these also to Banff Park.

Buffalo Jones took his animals to Texas, where, according to Mr. Alloway, "He had visions of big game hunters coming to his ranch and paying important money to ride and shoot in a buffalo hunt. Theodore Roosevelt was going on a big game hunt to Africa and took Jones along, as he was an expert with the lasso, and Roosevelt had an idea that lions and other big game could be lassoed instead of shot.

"After a while Jones's buffalo in Texas became infested with ticks, and he was advised that he would have to move them to Montana, or they would all die. It was too hot for them down there. He had a very strenuous time getting them moved, and when he arrived in Montana he was a very sick man. He therefore sold what remained of his herd to Charles Allard, who with his partner, Michel Pablo, had a ranch in that state."

Allard and Pablo already had some buffalo on their ranch, whose origins were extraordinarily similar to those they had just bought from Jones.

In the same year (1873) as Mr. Alloway collected his first buffalo calves, a Pend d'Oreille Indian named Walking Coyote was doing exactly the same thing in Montana, and for the same reason. He captured four calves near the Milk River in what is now southern Alberta—two bulls and two heifers—and took them to St. Ignatius Mission, in the Flathead Reservation. In 1884, when these four had increased to thirteen, Allard, then ranching on the reservation, entered into partnership with his boyhood friend, Pablo, and bought ten of them at $250 each.

Nine years later, however, when Jones brought the remnants of his Texas herd to Montana, they still had no more than ten. Jones sold them twenty-six pure breds and eighteen hybrids, and with these their herd soon began to increase steadily.

3. *Letters of Letitia Hargrave*, Champlain Society, Toronto, 1947.

Part of the Flathead Reservation herd in Montana being rounded up for shipment to Canada. This is all that was left of 350 after a hard day's ride. Norman Luxton.

Buffalo in the corrals at Ravalli, Montana, ready to be shipped to Wainwright, Alberta. Norman Luxton.

Allard died in 1896, at which time the herd numbered about three hundred. Half of this number belonged to Pablo; the rest went to the Allard estate, and were divided as follows: Mrs. Allard sold her share to Charles Konrad of Kalispell, Montana; Howard Eaton bought the share of Allard's son Charles, and of his sisters; and Judge Woodrow of Missoula purchased those owned by Joseph Allard. Besides these, 250-300 were sold by Pablo in small lots.

Despite this distribution, the Pablo herd had increased to approximately eight hundred by 1906. About this time, he was notified by the U.S. government that he would have to remove his herd from the Flathead Reservation. Alexander Ayotte, Canadian government immigration agent in Montana, heard of this, and got in touch with Howard Douglas, superintendent of Banff National Park. Douglas and Ayotte then approached Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, and Mr. Oliver—who had known the West in the days of the great buffalo herds—obtained an option on the Pablo herd. The result was its purchase by the Dominion of Canada.

Pablo agreed to deliver the first shipment at Elk Island Park, northeast of Edmonton, for $190 a head. About three hundred arrived there in 1907, but the job was such an expensive one, that Pablo lost money, and raised his price to $245. The transfer, which lasted for three years, was superintended by Douglas and Ayotte. Wainwright Park was set aside in 1908 to accommodate the new herd, and the later shipments from Montana were sent there.

The last round-up took about two months. Some seventy-five Mexican cowboys were employed, and yet in six weeks of daily drives, they succeeded only three times in getting any buffalo into the corrals at Ravalli, Montana. Time and again the infuriated beasts would turn and charge the line of riders, scattering them to all points of the compass. The wear and tear on both men and horses was considerable. Finally, a fence twenty-six miles long was built from the pastures to Ravalli, and along this fence the buffalo were driven to the corrals.

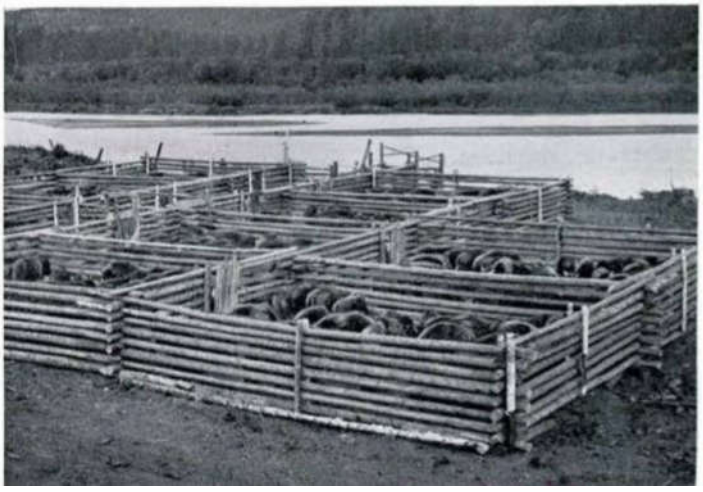
In all, 716 animals were transfered by rail to the Canadian parks, with a loss of only three or four. Most of those shipped to Elk Island Park were later sent to Wainwright, where until recently the largest herd was kept. In 1914, the Wainwright herd numbered 750, of which 630 had originated on Pablo's ranch, 90 had come from Banff, and 30 from the Konrad ranch at Kalispell.

From 1925 to 1928, 6,673 animals were transferred by railway and river barge to Wood Buffalo National Park, partly in Alberta and partly in the Northwest territories, south of Great Slave Lake;[4] but there were still thousands at Wainwright, and 4,000 had been sent to other parks and zoos. So numerous had the buffalo become, in fact, that the parks were no longer able to support them, and hundreds had to be periodically slaughtered.

Early in the recent war, Wainwright Park was taken over by the Department of National Defence as an artillery range, and as Elk Island Park had all the buffalo it could handle (about two thousand) those at Wainwright were killed off.

There are still plenty left, however, in various parts of Canada and the United States, to assure the future of these noble animals. Never again will they be seen roaming the western prairies in their illimitable multitudes. Great herds of pure bred cattle, vast wheat lands, farms and towns and thronging cities have usurped their ancient domain. But at least they have not entirely perished, and these living symbols of the old West will be saved for posterity—thanks to the efforts of those farsighted men who began the preservation of them, just seventy-five years ago.

Young buffalo in corrals at Waterways, Alberta, on their way from Wainwright to Wood Buffalo Park in 1925. C. R. Hird.



4. This difficult undertaking was planned and supervised by Col. J. K. ("Peace River Jim") Cornwall.

Above: Labrador Tea

This is the narrow-leaved variety, which is found mostly in the North. The broad leaves in the picture are those of an Arctic willow.

These three photos by Archdeacon D. B. Marsh.

Flowers of the Arctic

Notes by C. W. Lowe

Above: Tall Cotton Grass

This is the most attractive of a number of cotton-grasses which are to be found in our swamp lands. It is found also in the Arctic regions of Europe and Asia, and the alpine bogs of the Rocky Mountains as far south as New Mexico. The photo was taken at Eskimo Point, Hudson Bay.

Left: Arctic Dryad and Stitchwort

The Arctic Dryad or Mountain Avens is closely related to the Three-flowered Avens so well known to school children of the prairies. The beautiful white cup-like flower resembles a small white rose. It is a member of the rose family.

The small star-like flower is a northern Stitchwort and is very similar to the Meadow Stitchwort known throughout the more settled parts of the Dominion. It appears to have ten petals, but there are only five, each one being very deeply divided.

Arctic Ox-eye Daisy, or
Large-flowered Scentless Camomile

Without knowing the details of the leaves, it is impossible to say to which of these two species the daisies above belong. Photo taken at Herschel Island by E. F. Hewer.

Arctic or Iceland Poppy

In its native habitat this lovely flower is usually white, only occasionally is it a light yellow. The deeper yellow and orange flowers of our gardens are the result of cultivation and selection. Like the cotton-grass, it is circumpolar and alpine. In addition to its being found in the American Rocky Mountains, it is found also in the Himalaya and other mountains of Asia. L. A. Learmonth.

Lupines

The Lupines are common in the alpine meadows of North America and in many grasslands. Their bright blue spikes add considerable colour to the Arctic landscape. J. H. Webster.

Saxifrage

The name Saxifrage means a rock-breaker, and they are usually found in the cracks of weathered rocks. There are about twenty species with white or yellow flowers found in the Canadian Arctic. L. A. Learmonth.

Pritchard's probable route is shown by the arrowed line. Lajimoniere's, from Lake Superior to Montreal, is not known. B. Cook.

PRITCHARD and LAJIMONIERE

by Clifford Wilson

"Mr. John Pritchard performed an astonishing voyage from Montreal to Red River. He embarked in a small canoe with five men in October 1814 and when he reached Abbitibbi his canoe was taken by the ice. From thence he walked to Moose, York Factory and Red River, where he arrived in March, travelling nearly two thousand miles.

"Again—I despatched a Canadian of the name of Lejemon . . . from Red River to Montreal; he left Fort Dear (Daer) late in October in company with an Indian, walked to Red Lake, there embarked with his Indian in a small canoe, was taken by the ice in Lake Superior, from thence he walked to Montreal on foot where he arrived about the first of March. These two voyages were performed amidst numerous sufferings and difficulties, carrying their own baggage and provisions; and sometimes they were so hard pressed on account of provisions, that they frequently marched several days without tasting food . . . I defy the N. W. Co. to find from the annals of their history, two such pedestrian voyages as those performed by Mr. J. Pritchard and Le Jemonae either for distance, hardships, or personal exertion."—Colin Robertson to Peter Irving, December 1818. (H.B. Record Society, Vol. II, p. 33-4.)

THE "pedestrian voyage" of Jean-Baptiste Lajimonière (or Lajimodière, to give only two of the numerous spellings) is celebrated in the annals of western Canada. It is a tale of daring and resourcefulness and hardship such as "every schoolboy knows." But John Pritchard's journey in the opposite direction, though made over a longer and more northerly route, has gone almost unnoticed. This despite the fact that we know much more of Pritchard's trip than we do of Lajimonière's.

John Pritchard had formerly been in the employ of the North West Company, and as such had done his best to defy the embargo which Governor Miles Macdonell had clamped down on exports of pemmican from the Red River Settlement. But shortly after this opening gun of the Red River war had been fired, he decided to leave the fur trade and become one of the Selkirk settlers. When he was in Montreal in 1814, on his way to London, he met an old Nor'wester friend of his, Donald McKenzie, who confided in him "that the North-West Company were determined upon the ruin of the colony at Red River; that they intended to make Governor Macdonell a prisoner, in order to degrade the authority under which he acted; and that every specious offer would be made to the settlers to induce them to come to Canada. He also informed me

that Daniel M'Kenzie had received orders to send the Indians of Fond du Lac, and Leech Lake, to assist in the destruction of the Settlement."

Pritchard, who was more of a humanitarian than a partisan, at once sent a note to Colin Robertson of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was also in Montreal to see about establishing an agency there, telling him of the Nor'westers' plans. And Robertson, after corroborating the report with McKenzie, asked Pritchard to undertake the journey of some two thousand miles, so as to warn Macdonell of the blow about to descend upon the settlement.

Next day, October 1st, Robertson wrote in his diary:[1]

"I find some difficulty in procuring Men to accompany Mr. Pritchard; and those who do offer, the distance appears so great, that they feel a reluctance to engage in it. . . . Engaged three American Axemen for Red River.

"Oct. 2: Sent off Mr. Pritchard to endeavour to get a Canoe. He has promised to take the Axe Men to Red River. . . . Little Pritchard is eager to go to Red River; he is full of love and enthusiasm. . . . I wish he had a little more solidity;[2] but I will send him by the way of Moose. The South side of Lake Superior is the shortest route, but then he has to pass through the establishments of our Crafty opponents, who Pritchard is capable of outwitting, if they do not frighten him, at all events by the way of Abbitibi and Moose is the safest track."

Over a week elapsed, however, before Pritchard finally got started. "Messrs. McNabb and Pritchard left this about 11 O'Clock for the lake [of Two Mountains]," wrote Robertson on October 11. "Sent off the Axemen with two Frenchmen to take the Canoe as far as Mr. McNabb's house. Wrote a letter to the Governor of York, and one to Miles McDonell Esqr."

John McNab, formerly governor at York Factory, had retired and was living near the Lake of Two Mountains, an enlargement of the Ottawa above Montreal. He returned to Montreal on the 17th and reported that Pritchard had left that lake "on Thursday."

Not until the day after Christmas did the party of travellers arrive at Moose Factory. They had come by way of the Ottawa, the Abitibi (where they were forced to substitute snowshoes and toboggans for the canoe) and the Moose. With Pritchard were Peter Spence, Thomas and John Knight, and Isaac Fowler, an American—doubtless one of the axemen.

"Every facility in my power," wrote Governor Thomas Vincent in the factory journal, "shall be afforded him to enable him to Arrive at Red River before the Rivers break up. Mr. P., is likewise the bearer of a Letter Addressed to me from the Earl of Selkirk requesting me to give every Assistance in my power to certain men (to be engaged for the service of the H. Bay Company by Mr. Colin Robertson) to Enable them to proceed to Hill [Red?] River where they were to be employed."

The day after New Year's, Vincent recorded in the journal: "Mr. Pritchard being pretty well recovered from the fatigue of his Journey is preparing to sett off tomorrow morning for Albany Old Factory, from whence he is to proceed without delay to York Factory, Isaac Fowler, an American who came with him, proceeds to York and he is to be accompanied besides by a Man from hence (Willm. Swanson) John & Thomas Knight two of the men who accompanied him from Canada refused to proceed any further on any Account whatever." Spence must have felt the same way as the Knights, since he is not mentioned again.

Vincent gave Pritchard letters to the master at Severn House and to Thomas Thomas, governor of the Northern Department at York Factory, asking them to help him on his way. To Thomas he wrote:

"I have explained to him the difficulties, he would probably meet with in taking the Inland Route, up Albany River, on Account of the distance from Osnaburgh house, to Red River, and there being no Post between in the direct Road, he has decided on going by the Sea Coast. Mr. P. evinces the utmost anxiety to reach the Colony, and seems Confident, that his timely Arrival in Red River, will prevent the machinations of the N.Wt. Company from taking Effect. He has Received from me every possible Assistance.

"I have Authorized Mr. Pritchard to Engage any Indian he may happen to meet with to the Nward. of Albany, to guide him to Severn, and have great hopes he will see some on this side Cape Henrietta as it may be the means of saving him 4 or 5 days walking, by cutting across the Woods, in case he should meet no Indians, I have sent a man [William Swanson] with him, to Assist in dragging an Extra Quantity of Provisions."

Four days after setting out from Moose, the little party of travellers arrived at Albany. There they awaited the arrival of an Indian guide who was daily expected; but as he had not shown up by January 13, the three men set out alone on the long, cold journey to Severn, dragging their loaded toboggans.

The distance between the two posts in an airline is about 360 miles. On account of the nature of the country, however, they probably followed the coast until the mouth of the Ekwan was reached, travelled up this for some 150 miles, cut across to the Trout River, or maybe to a tributary of the Weenusk, descended that river to its mouth, and then followed the coast again to Severn—a journey of about 450 miles.

On February 24 the master of Severn returned from a trip to York Factory and found Pritchard and his party already there. They left two days later for York, over 200 miles away, arriving there after eleven days on the trail. At this headquarters of the Northern Department they rested until March 13, then Pritchard and the American set out alone for Red River, armed with a letter from Thomas to Miles Macdonell.

No account is available of the long journey to Fort Douglas, but they would presumably follow the winter packet route by way of Oxford House to Norway House and then turn south down Lake Winnipeg to the Red River Settlement—a cold, wearisome, five-week trek, accompanied by the hardships of short commons, incessant toil and bitter zero nights in the snow.

They arrived at the mouth of the Red just as the ice would be going out, in mid-April, thankful that the end of the long trail was almost in sight, but fearful, no doubt, that their mission might after all be in vain. To their great relief they found the governor still a free man; but as Pritchard himself later expressed it, he "had the mortification to find that the prediction of Mr. McKenzie was in part accomplished." The Nor'westers, in fact, had already begun their work of disaffection, and Pritchard learned that only a couple of weeks before, numbers of the settlers had been persuaded to desert to Fort Gibraltar, taking with them the colony field guns.

"The arrival of Mr. Pritchard on the 16th April from Canada, by Hudson's Bay," wrote Miles Macdonell in his *Narrative*, "assisted to keep up the spirits of our people for some time, but their general departure, from the great encouragement held out to them in Canada could not be overcome."

1. Now in the H B C Archives.
2. Simpson later complained that "Pritchard is froth."

The day after Pritchard's arrival a warrant for Macdonell's arrest, signed by A. N. McLeod in his capacity as magistrate, was served on the governor. At first he refused to be taken into custody; but two months later, fearing for the safety of the loyal settlers, he gave himself up. On June 22, together with those of his colonists who had accepted the Nor'westers' offer to take them east, he was embarked for Fort William and Montreal.

A few days later, the thirteen families who remained loyal departed for Norway House on Jack River, and the Nor'westers gleefully put the torch to their empty houses and trampled down the promising crops.

Colin Robertson, hurrying on his way to the settlement from Montreal, passed the deserting settlers on the Lake of the Woods, and heard from them of the colony's destruction. He therefore decided to go straight to Norway House and bring the colonists back. Not far beyond the mouth of the Winnipeg River he met Pritchard, who accompanied him to Jack River.

By August Robertson had so heartened the weary colonists that they agreed to follow him back to Red River. There, to their joy, they found that not all the crops had been destroyed, and that doughty John McLeod, an H B C clerk, with the aid of three other men, had saved what crops they could and had even begun to build a new fort. By the time the new governor of Rupert's Land, Robert Semple, arrived in November with another contingent of Scottish settlers, the colonists had managed to harvest about 400 bushels of wheat, 200 of barley, and 500 of potatoes; Fort Douglas was almost finished; and Robertson had sent off a messenger to Montreal with the news of the colony's re-establishment.

This messenger was Jean-Baptiste Lajimonière.

The story of Lajimonière's epic journey through enemy country has often been told, and yet actually there is little documentary evidence on which to base an accurate account. What evidence remains is to be found either in the Selkirk Papers at the Public Archives of Canada, or in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company, in London.

The statement is often made that he set out all alone from Fort Douglas on the Red River. In reality, he was accompanied by two others—an engagé named Bollant (or perhaps Bellan) and an Indian guide. Robertson's outward letter book of that period contains a copy of the letter he sent with Lajimonière, addressed, not to Lord Selkirk—who, as far as Robertson knew, was still in Britain[3]—but to the Company's agents in Montreal, Messrs. Maitland, Garden, & Auldjo:

"The bearer of this Express Jean Bt. Logemoneer has undertaken this Voyage to Montreal on the following conditions,—he has promised to take the Packet of letters the number and address in the inclosed list, to deliver the same safe into your hands, on, or before the first of March 1816—As a recompence for this long and arduous Journey, I promise him on the part of the Earl of Selkirk and the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company whose interest I have in charge at this place, to pay or order to be paid by Messrs. M[aitland]. G[arden]. & A[uldjo]. Merchants at Montreal to the said J. B. Logemoneer the Sum of fifty pounds Halifax Currency, 2 Suits of Clothes consisting 2 Capots, 2 Shirts, 2 Neckcloths, 2 pair pantaloons, 2 pair Stockings, 2 pair Shoes, and One Pound pr. Week, from the time of his arrival in Montreal until the Navigation is open, so as to enable him to return to this place. Bollant who accompanies him is one of the Company's engaged Servants ("a burd [*bout?*] de Canos")—his Wages are 1200 livres—he has had four hundred in advance. Permit me to recommend Logemoneer as a Man worthy any trust you may repose in him, he is able to act as a Guide, the respect he is held in by his countrymen, is one of the principal motives I have for sending him with the Express, and also to discover the road to Montreal by the way of Faun de Lac,—if you wish to employ him in Montreal to assist you in engaging Men, he is exactly the person calculated for that purpose,—for this extra trouble he will require another recompence independant of what I have allowed him for the Voyage. He is a real honest man, but hard in his dealings and highly worthy of the confidence I have reposed in him.—

"I have also promised that should any unforseen accident happen to this man while in Charge of this Express that the Earl of Selkirk and the Hudson's Bay Company allow his Wife seven pounds pr. Annum for ten Years.—I have also agreed to keep his Wife and family at our Establishment here until his arrival at Red River."

3. Selkirk sailed from England in September for N.Y., and did not arrive in Montreal until November.

This picture of Lajimoniere delivering the Red River despatches to Lord Selkirk was painted by A. Sherriff Scott for the 1934 H B C calendar. If such an incident occurred, it was probably on Epiphany (January 6) rather than New Year's Eve.

On October 17, 1815, two days after this letter was written, Lajimonière and his companions left Fort Douglas at 4 p.m. for Fort Daer (Pembina). No word was received of their progress until November 12, when Robertson learned that they had been seen at Red Lake. They were on their way to Fond du Lac, the southwesterly tip of Lake Superior, where the North West Company had a post.

Where they were "taken by the ice in Lake Superior," and whether Lajimonière then proceeded alone or with a companion are points in the story that will never be definitely known. But it will be noted that Robertson's letter quoted above speaks of Bollant as if he were to accompany Lajimonière all the way to Montreal and receive the balance of his wages when he got there. Moreover, a man named Bellan was with Lajimonière when he was captured on his way back to Red River the following year. It is probable, in fact, that the two were one and the same man, and that Bellan (or Bollant) was Lajimonière's constant companion on the entire trip. Considering the importance of his mission, there would have been no sense in his travelling alone; and indeed there is no evidence to support the statement that he did so.

Of his route between Lake Superior and Montreal we know nothing, but judging from Robertson's remarks in his diary of Oct. 2, quoted above, he would have travelled along the south side of the lake, and so on to the Ottawa River. The climax of the popular version of his trip comes when he makes his dramatic entrance, clad in travel-stained buckskin, into the grand New Year's Eve ball where Selkirk is the guest of honour, and thrusting aside the bewigged lackeys at the door, strides onto the ballroom floor to deliver the despatches to His Lordship in person. The only surviving documents indicate that he did not reach Montreal until January 6. But as this day is a holiday in French Canada, it is quite possible that a ball was held that night which Selkirk attended.

The packet that Lajimonière carried, addressed to the Company's Montreal agents, undoubtedly contained a letter to Selkirk describing the state of his colony after its re-establishment under Robertson. If so, Maitland, Garden, or Auldjo may have decided that the earl should get the news as soon as possible. But it is questionable if they would have sent the travel-worn voyageur to crash the gate and deliver the letter personally. The fact remains that the surviving documents tell us nothing of the date on which Selkirk received the news, nor of the manner in which he received it, and any description of the scene must be pure romancing.

The only document bearing on the incident is an entry in Selkirk's *American Diary* for January 10, quoted by J. P. Pritchett: "Lajimonière from Red River has recently come to Montreal—he brought with him a packet of letters which I have now received and perused. . . . Conditions at the Settlement are much worse than I expected . . . I shall have to put my business in order and hasten forth."

As instructed, Lajimonière remained in Montreal until the spring, then started off for Red River with despatches for Governor Semple at Red River. This time the Nor'westers were on the lookout for him, for A. N. McLeod had departed from Montreal on May 2 in a light canoe for Red River with the object of having him captured. Writing from Fort William a month later, where he had arrived "after a very tedious passage via Kingston York [Toronto] and Naclouasakie," he instructed James Grant at Fond du Lac to intercept the messenger.

"The intention of this express is to tell you that La Gimonier is again to pass thro' your Depart. on his way with letters to the Red River as a precautionary measure he must be absolutely prevented proceeding or forwarding any letters he and the men along with him and an Indian guide he has must all be sent with their budget to this place here to await the result of future proceedings, it was a matter of astonishment to many how he could have made his way last fall through Fond du Lac Dept. this no doubt you will be able satisfactorily to explain."

Grant lost no time in sending out search parties. On the night of June 16, only two weeks after the above letter was written, his interpreter, a negro named Pierre Bouga, with ten well-armed Indians, waylaid Lajimonière and his companions, Jasinte Leger and Bellan. According to the deposition Lajimonière and Leger made at Red River in July 1817, they were beaten up and robbed of their despatches and effects, and then taken to Fond du Lac.

This deposition, a transcript of which is in the Selkirk Papers at the Public Archives, throws an interesting light upon the travelling equipment of a voyageur in those days. It states that the property belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company which had been stolen from them consisted of two canoes (which would mean at least four people to handle them), two axes, two knives, a pot, six pounds of gum (for repairing the canoes), a bag of assorted seeds, (for planting, perhaps, at Red River), two kettles, six pounds of powder and some cooking utensils.

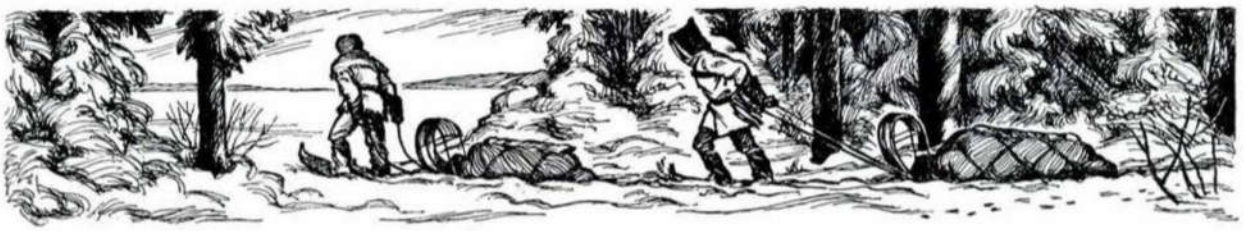
Lajimonière's personal belongings which they appropriated—some of which were doubtless the result of purchases made in Montreal—amounted to a gun, powder horn, jacket and trousers of corduroy, trousers of light cloth, three cotton shirts, a silk handkerchief, two 3-point blankets, a fancy waistcoat, woollen cap, silver watch (a reward for his recent endeavours?), three pairs of moccasins, a pair of French shoes, woollen sash (*ceinture flechee?*), woollen gloves, a portage strap, a keg (*bidon*) of rum, a snuff box full of hooks, a small mirror, a purse containing five dollars in silver, a cloth coat, two pounds of soap, six pounds of sugar, a tin pint cup. Then there are five more items listed which he conceivably was bringing home for his wife (the first Canadian woman in the West)—an Indian shawl (Kashmir?), a woman's Indian robe, a pair of scissors on a silver chain, two combs and a black silk handkerchief.

The simple voyageur Leger lost only a three-point blanket, a pair of corduroy trousers, a woollen cap, a portage strap, a pair of French shoes, and a cotton shirt.

From Fond du Lac, Lajimonière and his companions were escorted up the coast to Fort William, and there they were set free. Thence they made the best of their way to Red River.

Between the two winter journeys, Pritchard's and Lajimonierè's, it is difficult—and perhaps needless—to make comparisons. The first was longer, but the second was largely through enemy territory. Neither man was a regular employee of the H B C, but Lajimonière, being a French-Canadian voyageur, would arouse less suspicion by travelling along the Great Lakes-Ottawa route than Pritchard would have done.

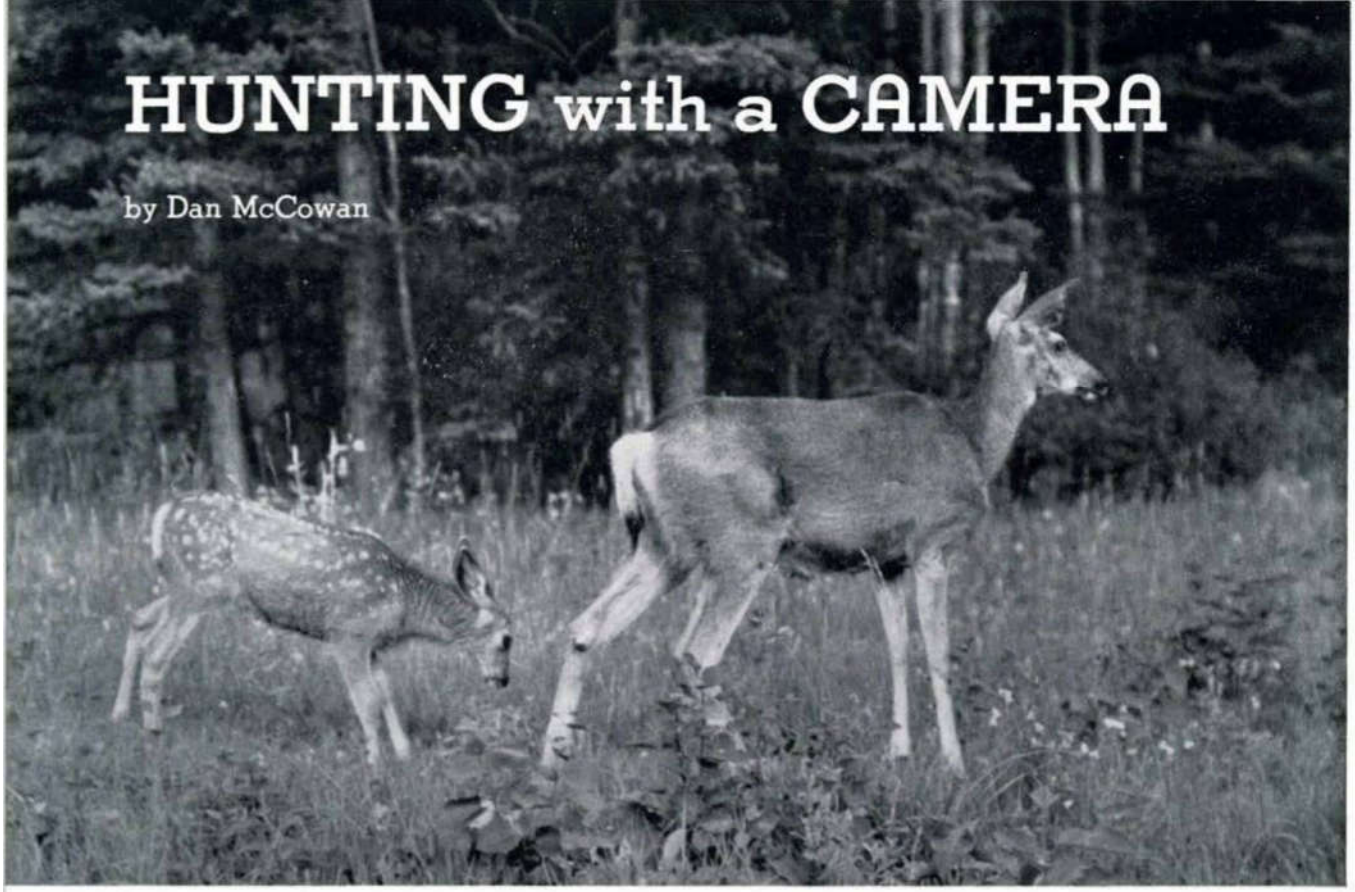
Both men are worthy of an honoured place in the annals of frontier Canada. But at the same time it must be remembered that they did not travel alone, and that their companions, Fowler and Bollant, braved just as many dangers and hardships as did Pritchard and Lajimonière.



Sketch by Barbara Cook.

HUNTING with a CAMERA

by Dan McCowan



The presence of the photographer doesn't bother this mule deer and her fawn. D. McCowan.

ALTHOUGH I do a great deal of hunting from one year's end to another, I have no shotgun nor rifle, no bow-and-arrow, not even a slingshot or a catapult. My favourite weapon is a small camera, my ammunition a few rolls of photo film. This is indeed a pleasant way in which to hunt. It is not necessary to take out a game licence; there is no close season and no bag limit. Best of all one does not have to slay the animal or bird in order to secure a worth while trophy. Further, the average sized dwelling house is nowadays but poorly adapted to the display of mounted heads of elk or of big horn sheep. While a massive moose head may have lent dignity to a baronial hall, it is somewhat out of place in a modern breakfast nook. (When the late Lord Tweedsmuir was governor-general of Canada, he was presented with an enormous buffalo head. Thanking the assembled donors for this impressive, and bulky, souvenir, he confessed that he was in a quandary about a suitable place in which to hang it—adding that offhand the most likely location seemed to be Saint Paul's Cathedral.)

The great national parks of Canada, particularly those at Banff, at Jasper, and at Waterton, are ideal places in which to hunt pictorially. Consequently large numbers of people resort thither during each holiday season armed with cameras. There are almost fifty different species of animals and over one hundred and fifty varieties of birds in these sanctuaries. Rooted in the soil are some six hundred types of plants, shrubs and trees. Thus these superb scenic areas rich in flora and fauna form happy hunting grounds for nature photographers from all parts of North America and from lands beyond the seas.

Readers resident in the large cities of Canada might well imagine that opportunity for photographing animals or native birds seldom comes to urban dwellers. Such however is not the case. In summer such cities as Windsor and Winnipeg boast of a large and varied bird population. A recent bird census taken in Regina during an entire summer revealed the fact that there were one hundred and forty-five species of birds in and around that prairie city. And Victoria lays claim to being the Mecca of the feathered tribes.

A few years ago a friend of mine made some outstanding photographs of the nest, the eggs and the

No time exposure here . . . T. Tadda.

A peregrine falcon makes an amazing right-angle turn while diving at the photographer high up on the Sun Life Building, Montreal. G. Harper Hall.

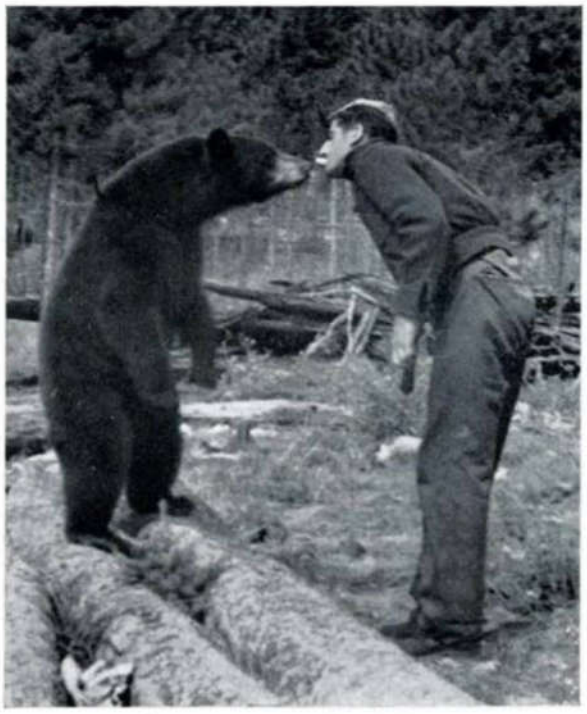
young of a pair of peregrine falcons. This nest was not placed in a tall forest tree nor on the face of a towering cliff but high on a lofty office building in the heart of the city of Montreal. There was considerable risk incurred in the getting of these hawk pictures. Peregrines are not like gentle crooning doves—in fact they are fierce and savage birds, full of fight and very daring. The narrow ledge containing the nest was about twenty stories above street level and usually there was a stiff breeze blowing. As the eager photographer crept along the dizzy ledge or crouched over his camera the hawks swooped viciously at him again and again. They did not actually strike him, but when last he saw his new felt hat it was disappearing over the dome of Saint James Cathedral in the talons of the fiery mother bird. That however was but a small price to pay for the series of excellent negatives which he secured.

When the sole enemy of the grizzly bear was the native Indian armed with bow-and-arrow, this monarch of the wilderness was arrogant and contemptuous of mankind. Later, when white men with firearms came to Canada, it soon learned that rifle bullets were not to be taken lightly and that absence of body was better than presence of mind. Today there is no more wary and no more vigilant animal in this country. Not yet have I been able to get within reasonable camera range of one of the shaggy monsters.

Black bears are always a delight to the amateur photographer. In recent years in the Rockies, many of these animals have made a good living by posing for pictures—the usual charge being a few cookies or a handful of candies. While they are comparatively harmless, it is well to remember that they are not domesticated, and thus while picturing a bear one should avoid too close contact with the subject. Bears do not hug, but a clout from the paw of one of these heavyweights may have dire results. In the neighbourhood of many holiday resorts the community garbage dump proves magnetic to black bears. That however is a poor place to photograph a bear. In a setting of tin cans and other assorted rubbish even

The airy beauty of a fritillary butterfly has been caught in this lucky shot by Ted Tadda.

A truck driver at Jasper offers a tidbit to an ursine friend. A. S. Hamilton.

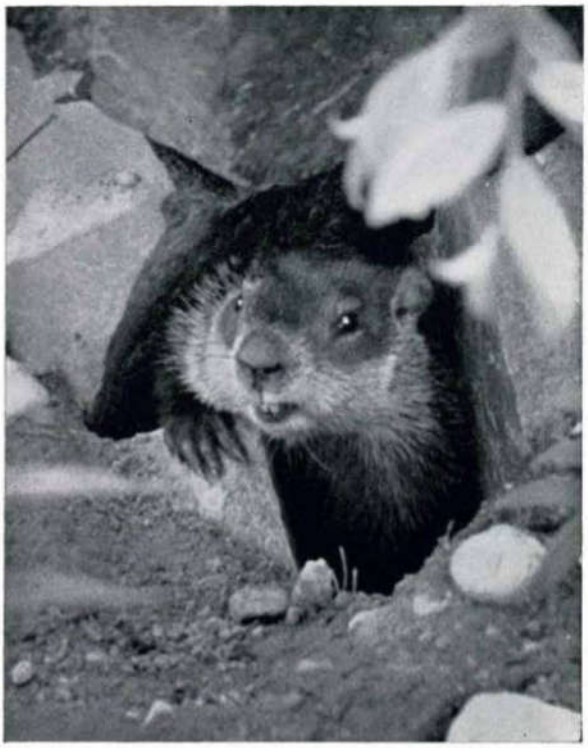


the most handsome of these woodland creatures becomes but a four-footed scavenger.

Common over a great area of Canada is the varying hare or snowshoe rabbit. Clad in a brown fur coat during part of the year, it is dressed in white when winter comes, hence the common name. In lower British Columbia, where snowfall is light and the winter climate mild, the varying hare does not vary but remains permanently brown. It is a difficult animal to photograph, for the colour of the creature blends perfectly with the background at all seasons. Also it can go like the wind and no camera hunter may ever hope to overtake it by speed of foot. Someone, allegedly wise in nature lore, told me that if one of these animals was discovered squatting amongst the grass it was easy to come within close reach. All one had to do was to walk around and around it in ever-narrowing circles. That sort of hypnotized the hare and permitted close-ups. For about fifteen years I walked around numerous hares but had no luck at all. They all had sudden urgent business elsewhere. Then one afternoon I saw a hare sitting in plain sight in an open clearing in the woods. Opening and adjusting my camera I strode bodly up to within six feet of it and took its picture in less time than it takes to say hyposulphite-of-soda.

Strange as it may seem, during spring and summer there are more sea-gulls in Saskatchewan than on the coasts of Nova Scotia or British Columbia. They come inland to nest in vast numbers and thus by the margin of prairie sloughs there is splendid opportunity to make pictures of the eggs and of the downy young. The common tern, a very graceful sea-swallow, also forsakes tidewater in spring and nearly all chicks of this breed pip their shells by freshwater lakes in the prairie provinces. The eggs are easily photographed—the nest being placed in a slight depression in the sand. They have infinite variety in markings and no two tern eggs look alike.

Cormorants, which at other seasons are familiar on the seacoasts, also nest inland—usually on sand-spit islets in company with white pelicans and as far from the oceans as they can fly. Equally at home in the Gulf of Georgia and in the Bay of Fundy, they live on fish which they capture by deep diving and fast swimming while submerged. For some reason or other their feather coats are not waterproofed like those of the coots and grebes. That is why cormorants are frequently seen sitting in groups on rocks, the while drying their outspread wings and their body



Wot! No shadow? T. Tadda

Wapiti bulls with antlers in velvet graze fearlessly in one of Canada's national parks. D. McCowan.

Young Pelicans at Big Quill Lake, Saskatchewan, cluster round a cormorant's nest. In the distance on the left is another group.
F. H. French.

plumage in the sun and wind. At such times I have yearned to get moving pictures of the birds but they are markedly camera shy. The nests of cormorants are simply hollows in the sand; the mottled eggs, usually three in a clutch, make interesting pictures. The callow young are nearly half grown before they even get a coat of down. Their skin is black and shiny and to all appearance they look as if they had been black-leaded and polished.

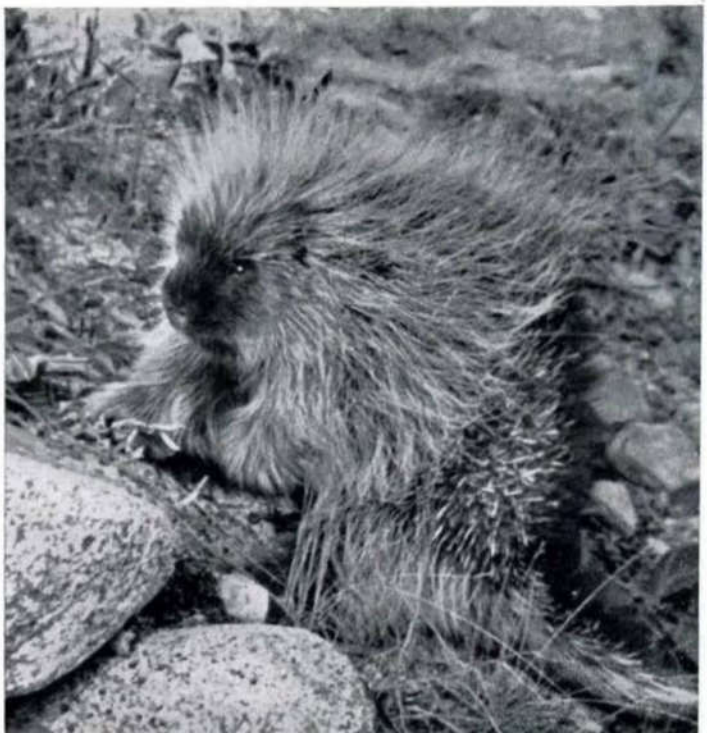
Midsummer is not the best time of year to photograph members of the deer family. The males are then being outfitted with new antlers, and consequently are not keen about posing for pictures. Further, the summer coats of adult mule deer and white-tail deer are rusty brown and not so smart as those they wear in winter. But a female mule deer in company with twin fawns always makes a worth while photograph. In late autumn bull elk with wide spreading antlers yield splended pictures, especially in open woods. One should however be forewarned that at that time of the year, the breeding season, an elk stag is an ugly customer with little respect for even a professional photographer. By comparison a bull moose is mild mannered—indeed amongst all Canadian animals the moose is perhaps most bashful in front of a camera. Also a moose is almost as clever as a coyote in fading into the landscape and out of sight—it is past master in the art of taking cover.

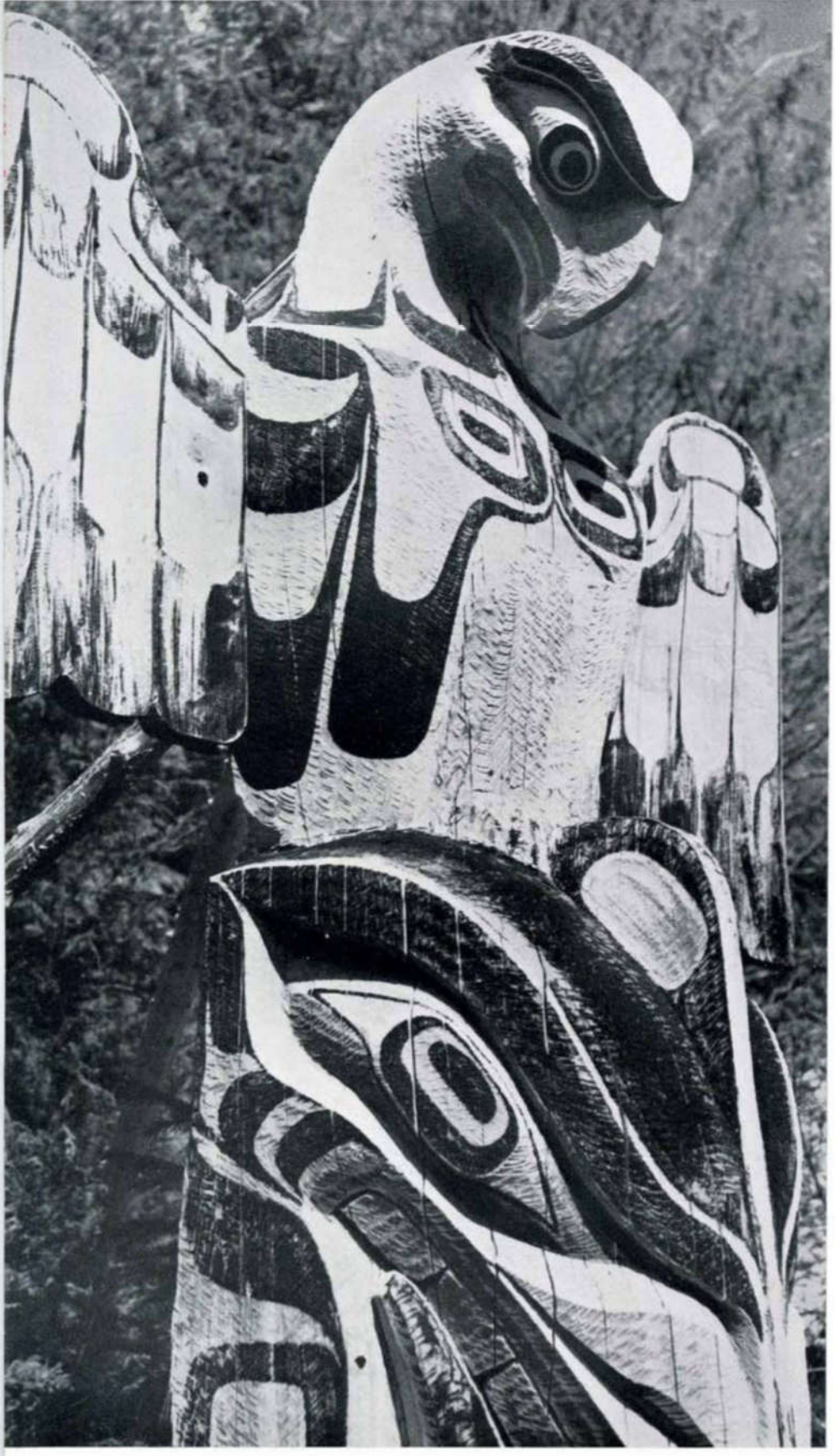
All Rocky Mountain goats dislike photographers in general—of that I have been long convinced. While this woolly and muscular beast is not a true goat but a kind of antelope, I believe that there is also a strain of the steeplejack in the pedigree of this the only all-white cud chewing animal in the world. The home of these dour-looking mountaineers is high amongst lofty peaks and crags, but during early summer Billy and Nannie and the kids occasionally descend to lower altitudes. In certain banks of clay, of which they then eat freely, there is a mineral—magnesia I believe—which serves as a tonic. At such times and in such places they may be photographed without risk of breaking one's camera, or neck. There is one well known wild goat pharmacy near Jasper which attracts many customers of all ages.

Big horn sheep, and particularly adult rams of the breed, are singularly tractable before the camera. Posed on a sunny upland meadow or silhouetted sky high on the summit of a rocky rampart, a group of these sturdy and sure-footed chamois of the Canadian Alps may yield camera trophies of great charm to the enterprising hunter.

Beaver, being largely employed on night shift, are rather poor subjects for the camera. This also applies to flying squirrels. The golden-mantled ground squirrel, sometimes called big chipmunk, delights in having its picture taken. The gopher, standing erect and with folded arms on the mound by the front entrance to the dug-out, photographs nicely. The pine squirrel is a restless subject with an annoying habit of continually getting out of focus. The porcupine, when not engaged in fretting, may possibly pose for a flag-pole sitting picture. But as a model the porcupine ranks low and photographs of it are seldom satisfactory. In form it resembles a haggis and, unless in a moving picture, you cannot tell whether it is coming or going.

Haggis on the hoof. T. Tadda.

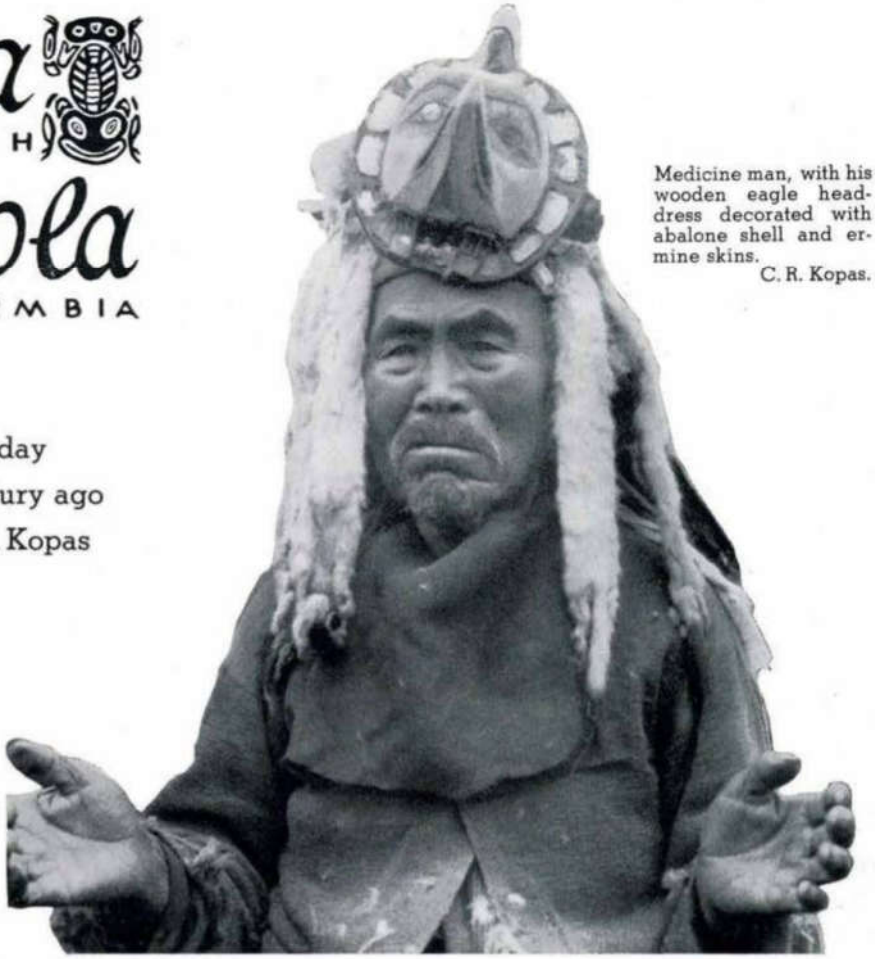




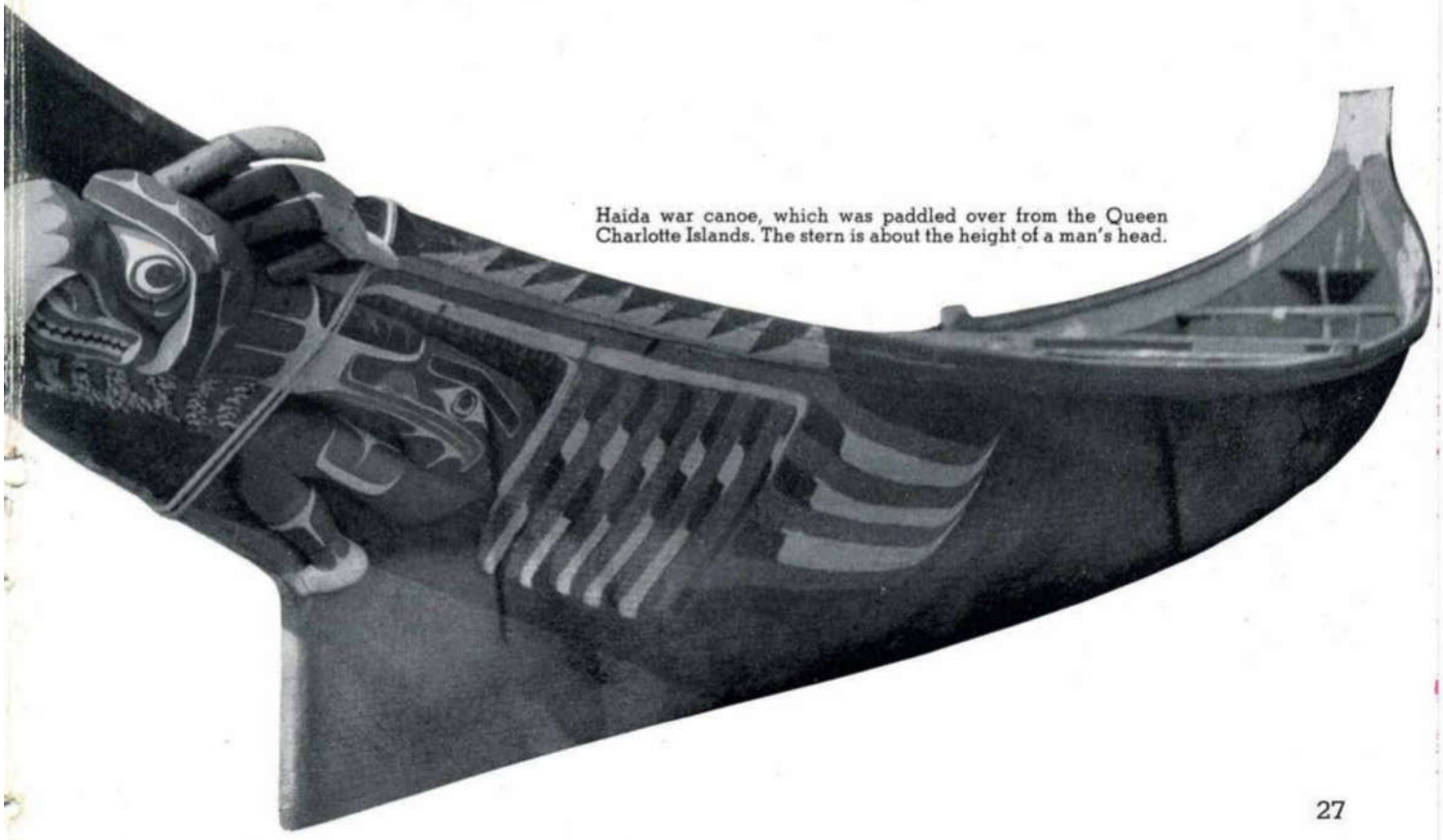
Totem of the Thunder Bird and Killer Whale legend. C. R. Kopas.

Bella Coola
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Photos of Today
and Half a Century ago
from Clifford R. Kopas



Medicine man, with his wooden eagle headdress decorated with abalone shell and ermine skins.
C. R. Kopas.



Haida war canoe, which was paddled over from the Queen Charlotte Islands. The stern is about the height of a man's head.

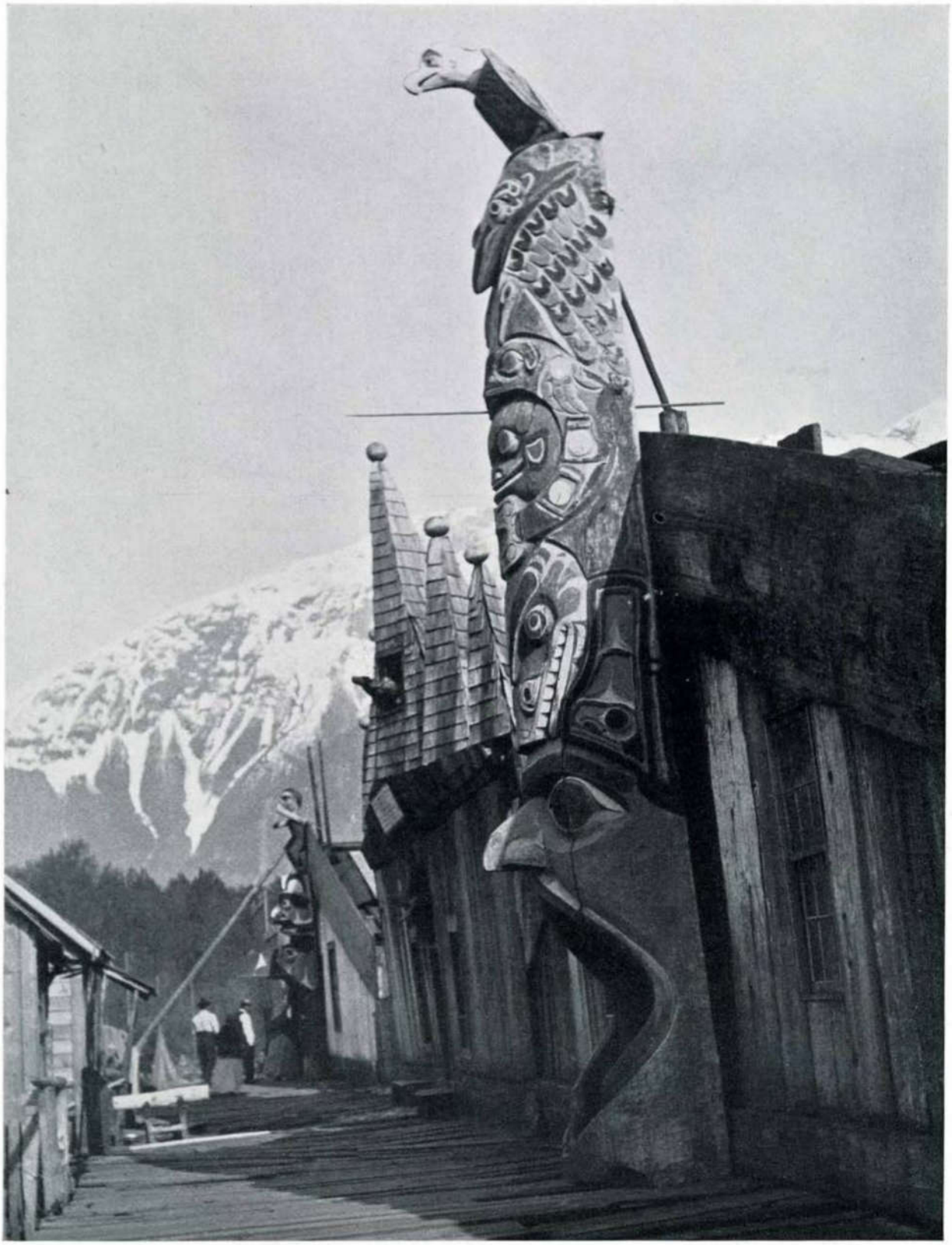
THE village of Bella Coola, three hundred miles northwest of Vancouver, has moved twice in the past half-century. When the white man came to live there in the 1860's it stood, glorified with totems, on the south side of the Bella Coola's mouth, at the head of a long sea arm. Years later the waters rose and drove the people from that site across the river, where they built a new village.

In 1936, however, the Bella Coola went on the rampage once more, cut the village to ribbons, and cut its source of pure water. The inhabitants therefore moved again, this time to a spot a few rods away from the site of the old settlement. And because they did not want to leave their church behind, they floated it across the river, hauled by two tractors.

In the box on top of this moss-grown grave totem was the corpse of a child. In the background are the buildings of the Hudson's Bay post at Bella Coola, some of which still stand.

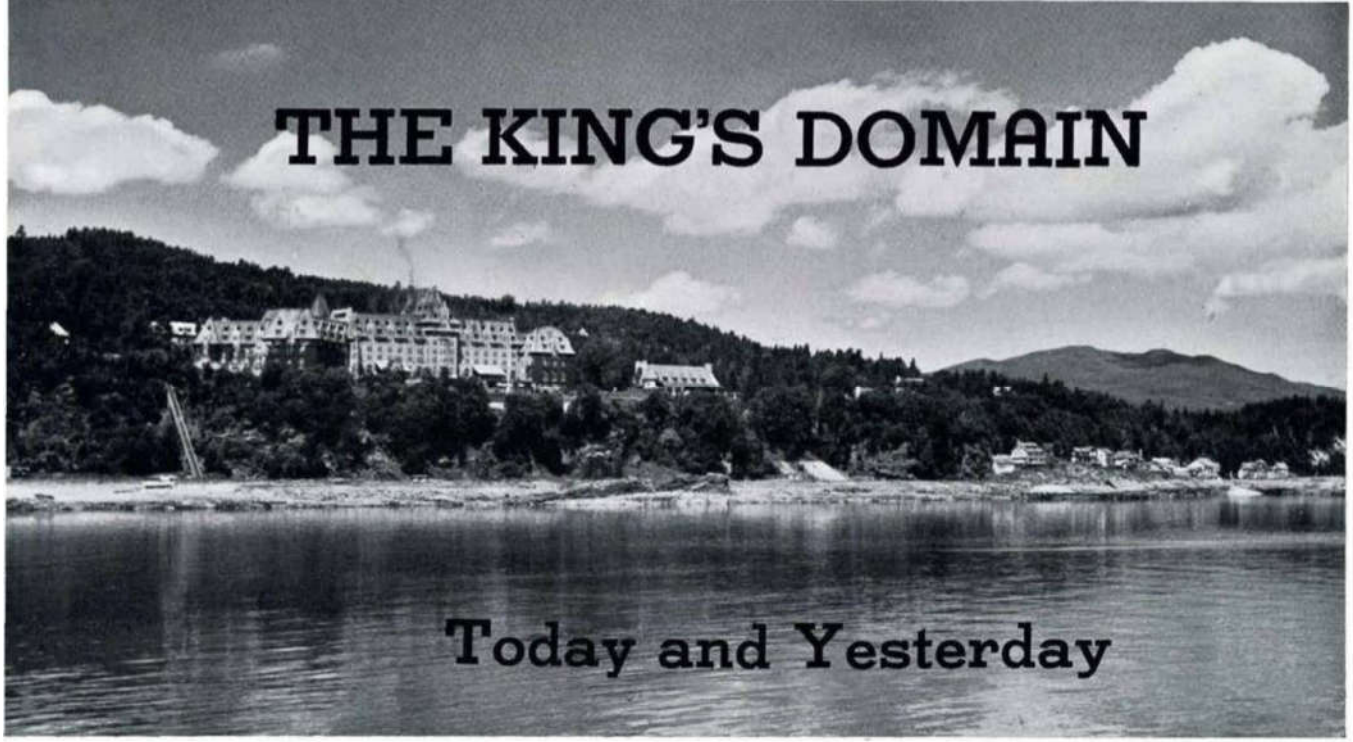
Beside the Bella Coola River stands this old house, once the home of John Clayton, Hudson's Bay factor. His wife planted the cherry tree, which blossoms despite the snow on the nearby mountains. C. R. Kopas.

Modern Bella Coola women celebrate V-E Day in the garb of their ancestors. The one on the right is wearing a button blanket, a skirt decorated with a thunder-bird-killer-whale design, and a spruce root hat; the one in the centre, a cloak representing the Hamatsa or death and resurrection. The woman on the left wears a ceremonial collar. C. R. Kopas.



A street in the village of Bella Coola. The planks on the buildings were mostly hand hewn. Entrance to the house on the right was made through the gaping mouth of the totem.

THE KING'S DOMAIN



Today and Yesterday

Murray Bay, "the fag end of civilized settlements" in 1808, now provides a picturesque setting for the magnificent Manoir Richelieu. Canada Steamship Lines.

The story of a voyage down the lower St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay, made 140 years ago, together with a description of the same country to-day.

Yesterday

A Canoe Jaunt Through the King's Domain in 1808.

by James McKenzie*

HAVING been advised for the benefit of my health, after a serious illness at Quebec, to go and breathe the purer country air, and being at the same time willing to acquit myself of a duty imposed upon me by the North-West Company to manage their affairs in the King's Posts and Mingan seigniory, I set out on a tour to these posts in a large birch canoe, with four men, on the 29th July.

The wind and tide being strong against us, we were forced to put ashore on the north of the Island of Orleans, eight leagues below Quebec, where a north-east gale detained us three days. The inhabitants, seeing our tents and canoe from a distance, took us for Micmacs and kept aloof, as they stood in great awe of those savages who, it seems, were in the habit of committing depredations among them.

The next day, however, they discovered their mistake and flocked around us with as much curiosity as might be shown by the inhabitants of Nootka Sound on their first seeing white people.[1] They were very civil and pressed us much to accompany them to their houses, but as we entertained nearly the same opinion of them as they did of the Micmacs, we did not like to leave our baggage. I could not, however, resist the pressing invitation of a young man, who, on the part of his father, had come the distance of a league to invite me to dinner.

*Reprinted from Masson's *Bourgeois*, 1890, Vol. II.

1. Refers to Captain Cook's landfall in Nootka Sound, Vancouver Island, in 1778.—Ed.

Today

From Quebec to the Saguenay and Lake St. John in 1948.

by J. A. Burgesse

THROUGHOUT the French Regime in Canada, and for the first century of English rule, all that portion of eastern Quebec which is drained by the rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence from the north—between Tadoussac, in the west, and Cape Cormorant in the east—was reserved to the fur trade. It was a perquisite of the Crown, leased out for certain fixed periods to the great trading companies, and it is interesting to note that the last to enjoy its exclusive privileges was the Hudson's Bay Company, which still operates many of the ancient posts. This vast territory was variously known as the "Tadoussac Trade," the "King's Domain," or simply the "King's Posts." In modern times the western section, comprising the basin of those streams which reach the St. Lawrence via the Saguenay, is termed "The Saguenay" or, erroneously, "Lake St. John," whilst that to the east is designated as "The North Shore."

Below Cape Cormorant was the Mingan Seigniory, a private concession, and adjoining the Domain to the south-west was the Seigniory of La Malbaie. During the latter part of the French domination this seigniory was added to the King's Domain but, after the Cession, Governor Murray detached it and awarded it to two of his officers, Nairn and Frazer, who, however, were not permitted to trade with the Indians. Mingan Seigniory never formed part of the Tadoussac Trade but both the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company leased it also during their occupancy of the King's Posts,

Yesterday

We repaid all the hospitality shown us on this island with drams and seal skin *blagues*, which were thankfully accepted and, at last, drew more customers to our standard than we had wherewithal to satisfy.

The Isle of Orleans is eight leagues in length. The soil being dry and sandy, peas and potatoes grow best on it. The sloping green appearance of the fields, which are here and there interspersed with tufts of wood and the white houses, makes them look like so many country seats, and very beautiful. This island is divided among a number of petty seigneurs, most of them illiterate *habitants*. One of these bumpkins having presented himself, some years ago, to be elected as member for the county, could find nothing else to recommend himself to the electors but that he raised the greatest quantity of the best peas of all the inhabitants of the island.

At St. Joachim, the parish above *Cap Tourmente*, the Priests of the Quebec Seminary, to whom this parish belongs, have a country seat to which they retire with all the students for a month during the vacation. This is a great place for wild geese, in the spring and fall, but the bucks of Quebec, whenever they stray this way in search of amusement, (up to the hips in mud,) prefer snipe shooting which is quite fashionable. It would look vulgar to fire a random shot at a goose.

The 31st, having taken our leave of our new acquaintances on the Isle of Orleans, we took advantage of the return of the fine weather to continue our journey, and in the evening, (with a firm strong current the most of the day in our favour,) we got to Murray Bay, the fag end of civilized settlements in this direction.

The *Little River*, the first parish we passed this day, is situated at the foot of high perpendicular rocks, and the farms between these and the St. Lawrence are but small. The resources of the people, therefore, consist in sugar and eels, with which the mountains and river supplies them in great abundance, a compensation, as it were, for confining their fields within such narrow limits. We saw a number of orchards at this place. An *habitant* from whom we bought some milk said that some seasons he sold three hundred bushels of apples and cleared upward of sixty pounds by his orchard.

The people of Little River having, after the seasons for making sugar and fishing eels and collecting their small crop are over, nothing to do but to amuse themselves, pass away the rest of the time as merrily as they can. Scarce a man of them but plays the fiddle pretty well, nor a woman who does not dance and sing, as if just imported from Paris.

The parish of *Baie St. Paul* appeared screwed in a deep valley between high mountains. The land here is fertile and produces good pine, from which the inhabitants extract the tan.

The *Eboulements* are so called from the ravages made in former days by an earthquake, of which deep scars are still remaining in the face of those venerable hills. Poverty dwells here in its most ragged and emaciated form. Hardly any thing but potatoes will grow on these barren mountains, on which a number of poor people are roosted to toil and starve for three fourths of the year.

Today

James McKenzie, an officer of the North West Company, extracts from whose journal appear in these pages, was one of the last visitors to leave an account of the Saguenay in its primitive state for, within three decades after his visit, settlers broke into the region, and the fur trade monopoly came to an end. Much of what he has to say should be discounted for, though he was obviously a keen observer and possibly an excellent trader, he was no historian and appears to have been unfamiliar with manners and customs of the good folk of Quebec. One suspects that he often was the victim of his guides' sense of humour. How else can be explained his reference to the fear entertained by the inhabitants of the Island of Orleans for the Micmacs, who had been frequenting their shores for a hundred years before McKenzie arrived? Indians from the south shore were accustomed to hunt in the Laurentian Hills and frequently used the island as a stopping point. There is no record whatsoever of trouble between them and the islanders and, indeed, relations between the two races appear to have been excellent. What McKenzie took for fear was probably nothing more than indifference at a familiar sight. When the inhabitants did realize that the visitors were white men they were not lacking in hospitality and it is doubtful that this was purchased by a tot of rum and the passing around of a seal-skin *blague*—i.e. tobacco pouch.

The country lying between the Island of Orleans and the mouth of the Saguenay has undergone no very spectacular change since the Nor'Wester passed that way. The villages have followed their natural bent, developing, increasing in size and bringing more land under the plough. Practically the only apparent change is the railway which skirts the shore. The shooting is still good and the Quebec Seminary maintains its farm and country seat at St. Joachim as it has since 1668. *Baie St. Paul* has lost none of its ancient charm. Its people cling tenaciously to their ancient customs and their village is one of the prettiest on the coast. Here, and to nearby Petite Riviere (*Little River*), come artists and vacationers seeking enchantment. Clarence Gagnon, the Canadian painter, has perpetuated many a picturesque corner hereabouts. Another favourite haunt is *Les Eboulements* with its fine beach. Though the land is not of the very best, there is no trace now of the wretched poverty McKenzie described. Indeed the village has grown extensively and, now perched up on the heights above the river, commands a magnificient view of *Ile aux Coudres* where life has gone on with scarcely any change in a hundred years.

Murray Bay, or rather La Malbaie, for the new name has no local standing and stamps its user as an alien, is too well-known as one of Canada's most fashionable watering-places to require comment. In actual fact, however, the favourite resorts are to be found, not in the old village, but in the newer settlements of Cap a l'Aigle and Pointe a Pic, where the famed Manoir Richelieu of Canada Steamship Lines is located. McKenzie's unkind words about the inhabitants are no longer true, for their descendants, Warrens, Fosters, Blackburns and Frazers, good French-Canadians all, are excellent citizens. He was mistaken too, in asserting that no lands were cleared and no houses built here in 1762. During the French Regime there was an extensive farm at La Malbaie which furnished supplies to the King's

Isles aux Coudres lies off the Bay St. Paul and *Eboulements*, about a league. It is three leagues in circumference, belongs to the Seminary of Quebec, and appears to make the inhabitants live very comfortably. These, like the people of Orleans, are civil and good natured, which may be owing to their priest who keeps them under good discipline.

In 1762, there were no lands cleared and no houses built at *Murray Bay*, but, at present, it swarms with Canadians. As the *habitants* of Point Levis and Beauport, as well as others living in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, assume the surly tone and illbred look of the gentry of *Cul de Sac* and St. Roch, so the people of Murray Bay seem to have formed their manners upon those of their next neighbours, the *polished* inhabitants of King's Posts.

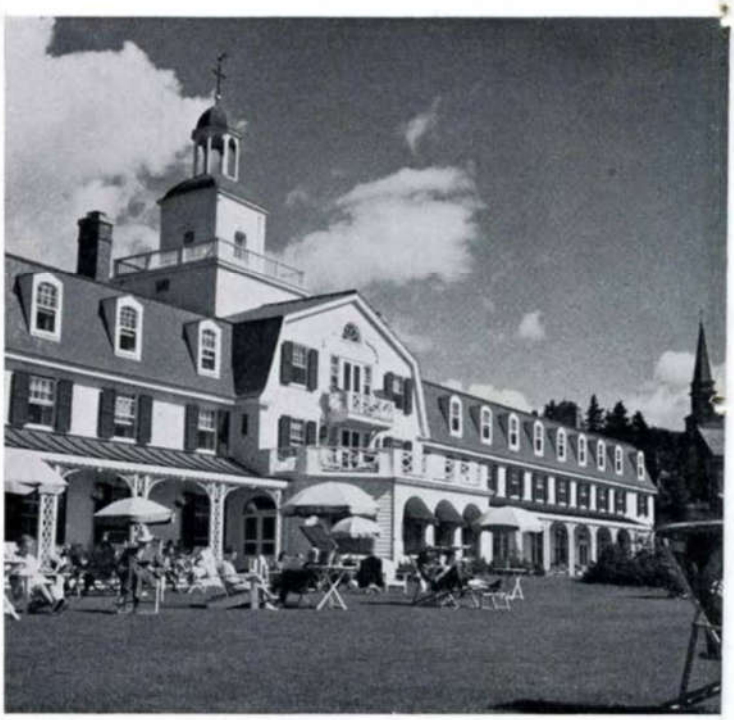
The 1st August, we left Murray Bay early in the morning and, with the help of a strong current, we got in good time to Tadousac. Before we arrived at this place, the tide very uncivilly left us to wait its return upon the centre of *Battures aux Alouettes*, a bank on the west side of river Saguenay which dries every tide and extends three leagues into the river.

The Black River, which forms the western boundary of the King's Posts, is but a rivulet; a few salmon are caught at its mouth by the Micmacs from the south shore and the people of Murray Bay, who have many fierce engagements on these occasions.

Tadousac, from its centrical situation, is considered the headquarters of the King's Posts. It is here the French are said to have first landed and to have built a small town after their arrival in Canada, but no other vestiges now remain of such a place but the foundations of a few houses. The present buildings consisting of a dwelling house, outhouses and a chapel which has stood one hundred and ten years,[2] stand upon the angle formed by the junction of the Saguenay with the St. Lawrence. The Saguenay flowing on the west between two immense ramparts of rocks, a chain of high mountains in the shape of a semi circle on the north and east, and the St. Lawrence in front, give this place rather a romantic appearance.

The people fishing, the whales playing in the basin before the house, the cattle grazing around the gardens, the birds flying about, with the universal verdure which prevails in the summer season, give the place a lively appearance. . . .

2. This chapel, which still stands, was built in 1747.—Ed.

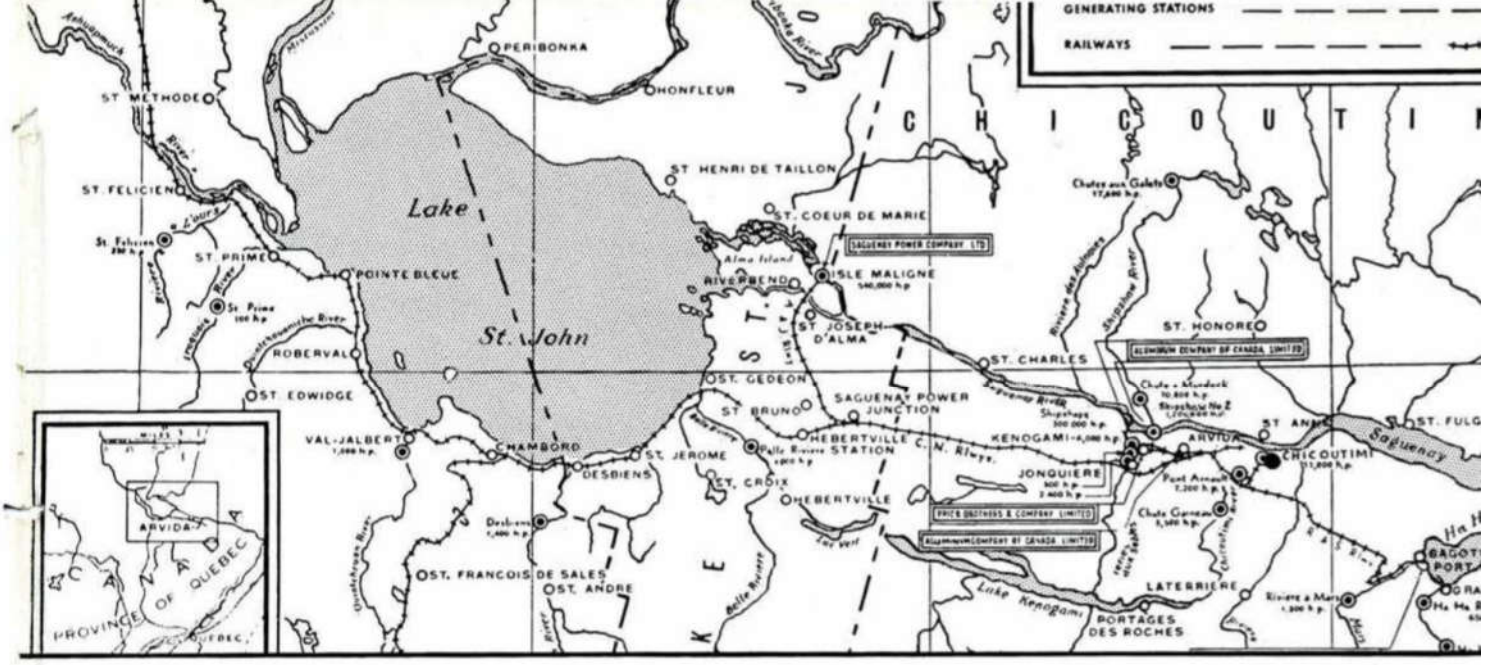


On the site of the King's Post at Tadoussac there now stands the new hotel of the Canada Steamship Lines. C. P. W.

Posts. The church, manor house and library, together with a number of farm buildings, were burned in 1759 by the British troops under Scott and Goreham. Some houses survived and stand today.

Tadoussac at the entrance to the Saguenay remains the charming spot which the Nor'Wester admired. The post has gone. In its stead summer visitors from all parts of the world find a palatial hotel. The old chapel, however, is still a familiar sight and, if the visitor search diligently, he will find the ruins of that older edifice, the first stone church to be built in Canada, which the Iroquois destroyed. Across the fiord the hamlet of Ste. Catherine hugs *Pointe aux Alouettes* where McKenzie went aground, and few who pass remember that it was here, in 1603, that Samuel de Champlain concluded with

The lower Saguenay has changed little since the days of McKenzie's jaunt. C. S. L.



This map gives some idea of the immense industrial development that has taken place in the King's Domain during recent years.

There are six field pieces at Tadousac, by the respectable appearance of which (as well as by the Indians showing themselves in red dresses,) the clerk of the post, Mr. Martin, saved the place, in 1775, from the depredations of the American privateers, who, in the same year, plundered and destroyed most of the rest of the ports for want of like advantages and stratagems.

The 2nd, we continued our travel up the Saguenay, and on the 4th, we arrived at Chicoutimi, reckoned thirty leagues from our last stage, Tadousac.

The Saguenay is the largest and the finest river on the coast; it runs east one hundred and fifty leagues to Tadousac from Lake *Shaganaga*, or Stony Lake, which is but one and a half league in circumference, and marks the height of land between Hudson's Bay and the River St. Lawrence.

The Saguenay is navigable for vessels of any burthen to Chicoutimi, to which place the tide rises, and whales and porpoises [white whales] are seen. Its common breadth, from Tadousac to Chicoutimi, is from one and a half to three miles, and soundings, sixty fathoms. Beyond this last place, as far as Lake St. John, the distance of twenty-four leagues, the water collects within a narrow channel and passes with such force and velocity among rocks and over precipices as are impossible to stem. Past Lake St. John, which is twelve leagues across, the Saguenay, to its source, is a continuation of falls and rapids.

The most remarkable of these falls is called the *Chaudière*, about half way between *Assuapmousoin* and Lake St. John. This large river, collecting into narrow compass, precipitates itself at this place over a rock at least one hundred and fifty feet high with a foaming and noise surpassed only by those of Niagara. But, to avoid being suspected of availing myself of the license of a traveller, it may be necessary to remark that the height just mentioned is not perpendicular, and that the rock is divided into three parts, rising above each other like the seats in a theatre and forming three falls, each of which may be between forty and fifty feet high.

From Tadousac, the bare rocks on each side the river maintain their elevated and rugged appearance for a distance of twenty-five leagues, when they the Indians that treaty of alliance which had so marked an effect on the future of the colony he founded.

All who have sailed up the Saguenay, be they modern tourists in luxuriously appointed steamships, or long-dead explorers whose craft was the birch bark canoe, have been overawed by the grandeur of the scene which meets the eye on every side. It has not changed since history began. The only modern touch is in the little hamlets, so very few, encountered here and there where the receding cliffs leave a few acres of tillable land. The rocky crags frown down and cast their shadows over the deep, cool waters, reminding man of his insignificance before the Creator. Such is the lower Saguenay but, once the mountains are past, how different is the scene.

Today James McKenzie would not keep to the main channel. In all probability he would turn into *Haha Bay* where vessels of all nations ride at anchor, loaded with snowy rolls of Saguenay paper, bauxite and cryolite from the far away Guianas and Arctic Greenland, or gleaming bars of aluminium fresh from the Arvida smelters. At the head of the bay he would find three little towns, rightly proud of their port, their paper-mill and the green fields of their farms clustered around the nearby hills. His sojourn in Elysium would have taught the Nor'-Wester perspicacity and he might not now credit his voyager's tale that the bay got its name from an explorer's mirth. "Haha" is an old French word meaning "an obstacle suddenly encountered" and, if the first visitors to the Saguenay did mistake the bay for the main stream, a very understandable error, they named it, not for their guffaws, but for the "haha" in their way.

Across the low hills which hem in Haha Bay on the West, lie Chicoutimi, and the industrial centres of Arvida, Jonquiere and Kenogami, grouping seventy-five thousand souls in an almost unbroken agglomeration where a scant century ago, only the stealthy redskin trod his lonely path. *Chicoutimi*, where the tidal waters end, no longer knows the fur trade. The visitor will search in vain for any vestige of the post, the site of which only the historian knows. Instead he will find a busy, proud provincial city; its bustling warehouses and modern department stores a fitting monument to those hardy lads from Charlevoix who first turned the sod of this forgotten kingdom. Hard by is the garden city of Arvida, home of Canada's aluminium industry, and across the river rises

gradually diminish and then become clothed with wood. Now and then, we are surprised by a wide gap on either side through which a river runs, abounding with salmon and trout. Five leagues below Chicoutimi, we passed a deep bay on our left which the French, the first time they passed this way, mistook for the channel of the River, and on discovering their mistake cried out "Ha Ha!" It has, therefore, ever since retained the name of *Baie des Ha! Ha!*

No scene can inspire one with gloomier and more terrific ideas than the one met when navigating this river on a dark, stormy night, the thunder rolling among those precipices with a rattling noise. The flashes of lightning discover to you, at intervals, the dismal objects around you and the danger you are in, and the reflexion that you are at the mercy of the jarring elements, which in a few minutes may dash you against the rocks into eternity, adds much to the horror of your situation.

E-She-qua-ti-mi, in the Indian language, signifies "the water is still deep,"[3] hence "*Chicoutimi*." The post so called is situated on the point formed by the Saguenay, on the north and north-east and the Chicoutimi River, which is small and rapid, on the south-west. At this place there is a good dwelling house, a chapel and a store which was built in 1707, as written above the door.[4] The goods for the interior posts are brought this length in the summer in a schooner or boats, and afterwards conveyed by the Indians in small canoes up the country by way of Chicoutimy River, which brings them to Lake St. John. . . .

The Chicoutimy river, only seven leagues in length, brought us into *Kinogomie*, or Long Lake, seven leagues long; making a short portage, we fell into *Kinogomie-shish*, a lake three leagues more in length,

3. *Ishko*, up to there; *timew*, it is deep.—Mgr. Laflèche.

4. There was, in 1750, a saw mill on the River *Ouiaouetiche*, one and a half leagues above Chicoutimi, which worked two saws, night and day.—"*Memoire sur les postes du domaine du Roy*" addressed to Bigot by Father Claude Godefroy Coquart, 5th April, 1750.

Visitors to the garden city of Arvida can enjoy the hospitality of beautiful Saguenay Inn. U. T. Heard.

the mighty pile of Shipshaw powerhouse, wherein the Saguenay's turbulent stream is harnessed to produce a million and a half horse-power of electric energy to light the farms and turn the wheels of commerce. Beyond, at the foot of the Kenogami horst up which the white highway winds to Lake St. John, the Riviere aux Sables hurries towards the Saguenay, bearing logs for the paper-mills of Jonquiere and Kenogami.

The old water route of the Chicoutimi river no longer knows the flashing paddle and Lake *Kenogami* has long forgotten the song of the voyageur. It is content to sleep in peace once more, whilst hurrying wayfarers spin along another route, crossing the *Riviere aux Aulnets* close by the ancient portage, now graced by the rich parish of Hebertville, to skirt *La Belle Riviere* and reach Lake St. John. The forest has gone, fled before the axe

Chicoutimi, head of steamer navigation on the Saguenay to-day, and of schooner navigation in 1808, is the site of a King's Post. Aluminum Co. of Canada.

This view of power development on the Saguenay shows the famous Shipshaw power house at bottom right.
Aluminum Co. of Canada.

then into *Rivière des Aunais*, a small serpentine river, three leagues long, after which we got into *La Belle Rivière*, a small river which brought us into Lake St. John, and is four leagues long.

Lake St. John is circular and, though thirty leagues in circumference, can be seen with one glance of the eye. The north shore is low and swampy, and the south, more elevated and covered with wood. The country from *Baie des Ha Ha* till we pass Lake St. John, the distance of ten leagues, is fit for cultivation, the soil being good, the face of the country pretty even, and the climate the same as at Quebec, from which, across the country, it is distant three days' journey, either in a small canoe or on snow shoes.

The post of *Lake St. John* is built on the south of the lake, four leagues from its entrance, at the mouth of a beautiful river where the Jesuits, under the French Government, had a settlement for the purpose of instructing the Indians, until expelled for receiving too costly presents of furs for their spiritual services.

Some marks of their industry and improvements are still to be seen at this place. The plum and apple trees of their garden, grown wild through want of care, yet bear fruit in abundance. The foundation of their church and other buildings, as well as the church yard, are still visible. The bell of their church, two iron spades, a horseshoe, a scythe and a bar of iron, two feet in length, have lately been dug out of the ruins of this apparently once flourishing spot, and, adjoining, is an extensive plain or meadow on which much timothy hay grows.[5] An island in the lake, near this place, swarms with snakes which, the Canadians believe, were conjured by the Jesuits, from their own residence.

5. "The Jesuit Fathers had mills at Lake St. John; some of the materials used in their construction have been found lately."—Mr. James McKenzie's evidence, given before a committee of the House of Assembly in 1824.

of the settler, back to the distant hills, and field upon field of nodding grain, lush pastures and snug little towns and villages now grace the terraced plain where Fur was King. For the most part the aspect is pastoral but, here and there, a hanging plume of smoke bespeaks industry's activities. Thus Desbiens Mills turns out wood-pulp at the mouth of the Metabetchouan River where James McKenzie found the post of *Lake St. John*. No trace remains of the ruins of the establishment which the Jesuits left and from which they were not expelled. They gave, rather than received, and left their bones scattered throughout the Saguenay. One lies sleeping here in an unmarked, unknown grave. The plum and apple trees are no more, and all that remains of the heroic age is a little powder house which loving hands have preserved with care. Gone are the Montagnais hunters, gone to Pointe Bleue further up the lake to where the red H B C ensign waves aloft, and where amid a modern world, they cling steadfastly to their ancient ways.

Off Roberval, county seat of Lake St. John and bitter rival of Chicoutimi, lies Ile aux Couleuvres whither, so McKenzie was told, the Jesuits banished the snakes; but the tale was already old when the first Jesuit came and never a snake has been found upon the island. The road weaves on to Pointe Bleue, last bastion of the fur trade—a cluster of cabins, gaily painted and neat or, like Indian homes everywhere, sombre and grim, whilst here and there a snowy tent is seen with a birch-bark canoe beside it.

No better vantage point for a view of Lake St. John can be found than Pointe Bleue. Thrusting far out into the blue water it commands the entire circumference. Not always can the further shore be seen, even from the point, but when conditions are right, what a panorama greets the eye! Far off to the right the hundred islands of

Having set out from Lake St. John on the 8th, we arrived at *Assuapmousoin* on the 14th, a distance of sixty leagues of the most unchristian like country. On both sides of the river the bank was high and scraggy, and not even a wild berry to be met with, all the way. A few dwarf spruce trees scattered here and there were the only productions of this most barren part of the world we could see, and our ears were charmed by no other music than the hissing of snakes, which, whenever we went on shore, sallied forth from the crevices of the rocks to wag their long tails before us, or t[h]rust them round our feet. We made eighteen portages, the paddle was seldom used, and the setting pole took its place the most of the road.

The word *Assuap* means "to watch" and *Mousua*, "moose deer," which in former years were very numerous at this place, but are now as scarce as they are on the Plains of Abraham. *Assuapmousoin* is indeed the poorest and shabbiest of Her Majesty's posts. A hut, a small store and a small potatoe garden were all the improvements that could be seen at this lonely, miserable place.[6] The Indians of this post consist of a dozen lazy families, who are not Christians. They live, in winter, chiefly on hares, and, in summer, on fish.

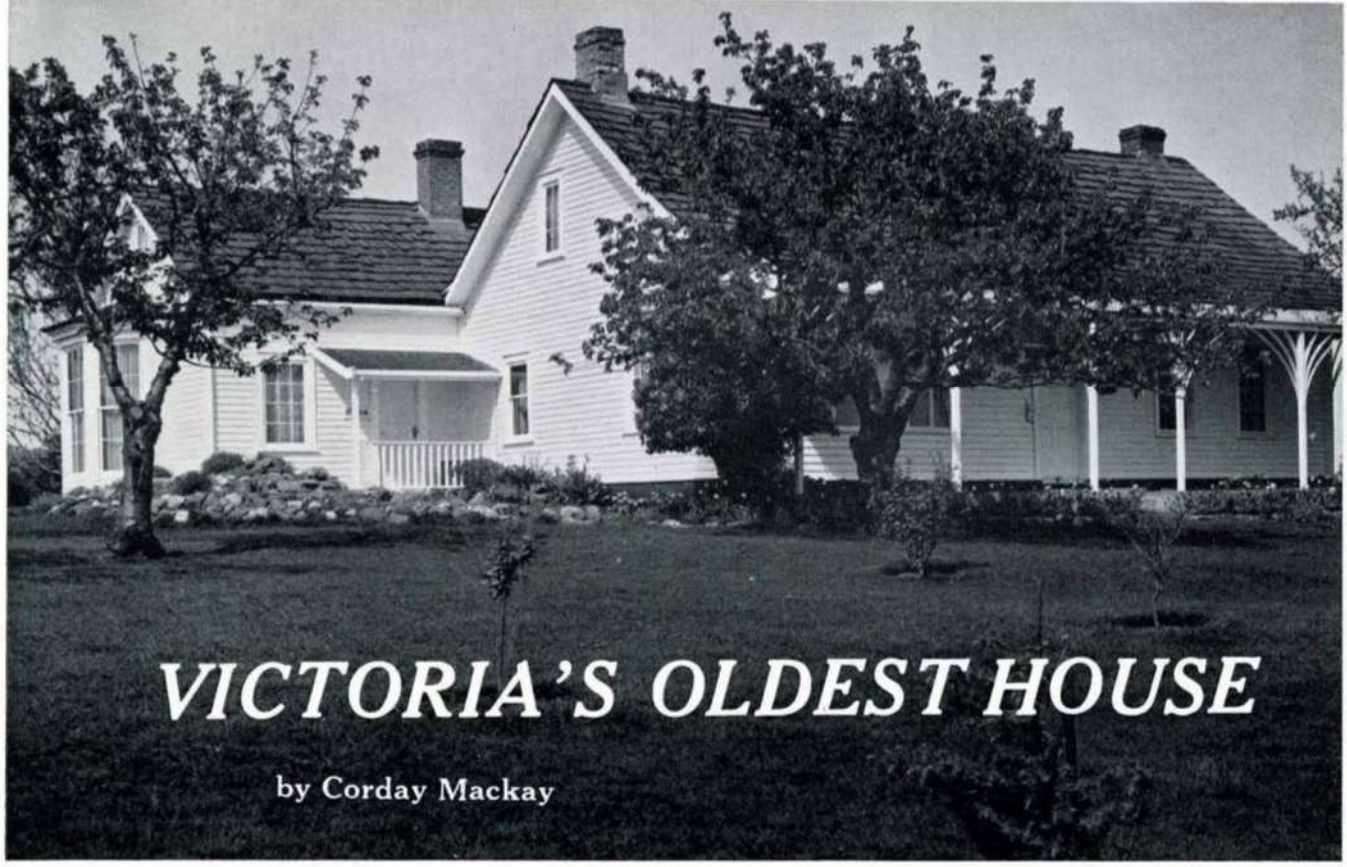
As I had seen enough of the country to satisfy my curiosity in this direction, and had the coast still to visit, and as, moreover, the cold weather had set in, I returned from *Assuapmousoin* on the 15th and arrived at Tadousac on the 30th of August. The Indians managed their small canoes, coming down the rapid and cascades of the Saguenay, with astonishing dexterity, and they are equally expert in using the setting pole, going up. A Canadian requires a long time to learn to manage those ticklish vehicles with any degree of safety on such dangerous navigation.

6. The post of *Assuapmousoin* was on a small lake of the same name.

the Discharge dimly appear, veiled in the mist which rises from the spuming tail-race of the power house at Isle Maligne. The northern shore has not the tranquil aspect of the south; green fields are fewer and the rocky hills sneak closer to the water; yet gentle villages are not lacking, dotting the landscape around to Peribonka opposite Pointe Bleue. Here where Maria Chapdelaine was wooed by luckless Francois Paradis the mighty river from which the village borrowed its name comes swooping out of the North. As the eye sweeps on, it encounters the barrens; land of sand and swamp where a generation of settlers toiled and failed; a land now given over to the luscious blueberry which has carried the fame of Lake St. John throughout eastern Canada, and beyond.

Off to the West, the twin spires of pretty St. Felicien rise from beside the *Ashuapmouchouan*, long considered to be the upper reaches of the River Saguenay, though the Peribonka across the lake pours out a greater volume of water. Yet the Ashuapmouchouan has much to liken it to the Saguenay as it leaps down unchecked from its source in Lac la Hauteur, which McKenzie called *Shaganaga*, whence leads the canoe route for Mistassini and the Bay, still travelled frequently despite the 'planes which hum serenely overhead. Its lower waters flow amid green fields but up between the mountains the pages of history turn back. Here little has changed. It is true "the poorest and shabbiest of Her Majesty's posts" has ceased to operate these ten years; the Indians have dwindled to a couple of families or so; but the barren hills brood on undisturbed, and the falls of the Chaudiere still gallop down their precipices in all the foam and grandeur McKenzie admired. Alas, not for long will this last wild corner of the Saguenay be left in peace. Yonder lies Chibougamau, its bowels rich in minerals and presently the children of the pioneers, remembering their traditions, will stretch forth their hands to tame the Ashuapmouchouan.

St. Felicien, a village as pretty as its name, looks across the calm waters of the lower Ashuapmouchouan. C. P. A. L.



VICTORIA'S OLDEST HOUSE

by Corday Mackay

John Tod's home as it appeared a few years ago. On the left is the dining room—part of the original house. A conservatory has since replaced the small porch seen in the angle of the building. B.C. Archives.

ON the quiet little street called Heron in the exclusive residential Oak Bay district of Victoria stands that city's oldest and one of its most intriguing houses. It is the former home of John Tod, the Honourable John, colourful and well-known chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and member of the early legislative council of the new colony of Vancouver's Island. To-day the house is called "Trewen," thus named by its present owners, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. C. Evans, who bought the old place when they moved from Toronto to the Pacific Coast in 1944.

At that time the housing shortage was at its worst. But for that the Evanses might not have been tempted to buy Tod's original home, delightful as it was to look at, a picturesque, rambling white house sheltered by ancient and romantic looking apple and cherry trees. For not only was its interior badly in need of repair; rumour's voice most decidedly declared the place was haunted! Just before the sale was made, Colonel Evans had a mysterious and anonymous phone call warning him not to buy the house because of its spirit presences!

But the Colonel and his wife, not believing too much in ghosts, went ahead, moved in and began remodelling both house and garden.

It was not long, however, before the new owners realized that the ghost stories were not all hearsay. Doors opened strangely and silently; a rocking chair rocked violently as though occupied by an agitated visitant; hats left on the hat rack in the hall were frequently found scattered over the floor; steps and voices awakened sleepers in the guest room.

The Colonel and Mrs. Evans, being of cheerful and philosophical dispositions, were not unduly disturbed by these manifestations. But when stories of the strange experiences they were having in their new home began to leak out, and newspapermen arrived to interview, their peace was really disturbed. On the heels of the press came the psychic experts. The latter advised weird and wonderful things in order to trap the ghostly visitors into leaving messages about the nether world. Fan mail began to pour into "Trewen." One letter arrived from Oakville, addressed simply, "Col. Evans, The Haunted House, Victoria."

The secret of these eerie manifestations must lie forever buried in the grave of the Honourable John or that of one of his numerous wives—for rumour says he had seven! The explanation may be, as some of the psychic researchers stoutly maintain, that one of the wives returns in spirit at times to haunt the scene of a great unhappiness. But that is a story that must await a new science to unravel its mystery.

The house itself is interesting enough to intrigue all comers without an aura of ghostliness. Nearly one hundred years old and once the centre of a large estate looking eastward to the sea and the magnificence of Mount Baker, it is today surrounded by modern houses of every variety. Records in the Provincial Archives prove conclusively that it is the oldest residence in Victoria. One of these is a copy of a dispatch from Governor Blanshard (the governor of the infant colony) to the Secretary of State in London. It is dated 1851 and begins:

"My Lord,

"A Mr. Todd (still a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company) has ploughed up a few acres near Fort Victoria, under a verbal arrangement with the Company's agent, Mr. Douglas, that he should be allowed to purchase one hundred acres to be furnished with a title; finding that he cannot obtain the said title, nor even a written promise to furnish it, he is becoming

The original fireplace in the sitting room, which forms part of the "new" section.

alarmed, has discontinued the house he was beginning to build, and talks of leaving the colony. With the exception of a Canadian who has squatted near Rocky Point, there is not another cultivator on the Island."

Similarly a letter from James Douglas to the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, dated Fort Victoria January 28, 1852, speaks of the numerous applications for the purchase of land in the vicinity of Fort Victoria. According to this report, John Tod paid £109 10s. for the estate which he bought. Tod himself many years later, in 1878, in giving an interview to John Bancroft, the historian, who was at that time in Victoria gathering material for his *History of New Caledonia and the North-West Coast*, says:

"In 1849 when first I came here barley and oats were growing all over Victoria. There were no houses except the Company's establishment within the Fort. I came to settle but found the prices so exorbitant I left and went to Fraser River. [This must have been Fort Langley.] All the land within 50 miles was taken up by the H.B. Co. At Mr. Douglas's importunity I returned."

Then must have come his decision to settle in Victoria. Indeed a record of that decision is preserved in the archives in a memoir entitled *Career of a Scotch Boy*. The author of this valuable historical document was a Mr. Gilbert Malcolm Sproat who came to live in Victoria in 1860. He was known as a classical student who had published such literary works as *The Odes of Horace*. Mr. Sproat became a friend of John Tod, and after lengthy conversations with the retired factor, published the *Career of a Scotch Boy* in the form of a self-memoir. This later appeared as a series in the Victoria *Daily Times* in 1905.

In this memoir Tod says: "When after forty years' service with the Hudson's Bay Company I decided to retire, it was to Victoria that I went, and liking the place and the climate and with no feeling of an exile, owing to the presence there of a fort and numbers of friends, I purchased a farm on the seashore a few miles away and built on it a house in which I took up my residence, bringing thereto all my books and the fiddle and such reminiscences of a fur trader's life as these pages contain. . . . The dwelling drawn back a little from the actual shore of the islet stream, or narrow gulf, has a south-south-east aspect, bounded across the sea by a lofty mountain range, and, more distant and easterly, by vast, more or less serrated ranges, buttressing a huge, broad-shouldered, very snowy blunt cone, hidden some days by clouds and at other times calmly brilliant in the sunlight. The one want in my new place—applicable, indeed, to the whole neighbourhood—is the want of vivid, running water, but having had a surfeit during my life since manhood in North America of riverene views and impediments, it was long before I missed this charm of the running water or the ear of my memory re-opened to the thrilling murmur that had pleased me in an earlier time as a wandering boy along the Leven.

"Now, disinclined as I am for travel, there cannot, I fear, be any more 'Leven' for me, save in the excursions which I sometimes make thither in my sleep."

This prophecy was to come true for John Tod, for he lived and died in his Oak Bay residence and never again visited Scotland, the land of his birth.

One more interesting glimpse of the Honourable John as he was shortly before his death is to be found in Bancroft's *Historic Explorations North-ward*. In 1878 Bancroft sailed northward from San Francisco, and after a tempestuous passage he arrived at Esquimalt. His intention was to collect as much material as he could for his history, and for that purpose he visited the local archives then lodged in the governor's office. His account of this visit continues:

"But most valuable of all were the reminiscences of New Caledonia and the great north-west, the recollections of those who had spent their lives within this territory, who had occupied important positions of honour and trust, and were immediately identified not only with the occupation and settlement of the country but with its subsequent progress. Among these were A. C. Anderson, W. F. Tolmie, Roderick Finlayson, Archibald McKinley, and others, men of mind, able writers some of them and upon whose shoulders, after the records of Sir James Douglas, the diaries of chief factors, and the government and the H.B. Co. Archives, must rest the history of B.C. . . . It was like penetrating regions beyond the world for descriptions of scenes acted on the other side of reality, this raking up the white-haired remnants of the once powerful but now almost extinct [!] organization. There was old John Tod, tall, gaunt, with a mouth like the new moon, which took kindly to gin and soda, though Tod was not intemperate. He called himself 84, and was clear-headed and sprightly at that, though his friends insisted he was nearer 94. The old fur trader lives about four miles from the city, and regularly every day, in a flaring cap with huge ears, and driving a bony bay hitched to a single high-seated, rattling, spring wagon, he made his appearance at our hotel, and said his say. While speaking he must not be questioned; leaning on his cane, or walking up and down the room, his deep set eyes blazing with the renewed fire of old time excitements, his thin hair standing in electric attention, he recited with rapidity mixed with furious gesticulations story after story, one scene calling up another, until his present was wet with the sweat of the past."

This picture of "Trewen's" first owner comes vividly to mind as the visitor to-day passes through the wide, old-fashioned front door with its ancient fanlight. This door, as well as others in the house, is so low that

a tall man bumps his head unpleasantly if not forewarned. Most interesting of all rooms in the house is the kitchen, with its huge fireplace before which Old John must have often sat on winter evenings as darkness settled down over the Straits of Juan de Fuca and blotted out the white cone of Mount Baker. This room, with an adjoining bedroom, a long passage and the present dining room, must have been the first unit of the home, for a very thick wall between this section and the front wing suggests a log wall is enclosed.

To-day the kitchen fireplace is still in use, though not for one of its original purposes, cooking. To one side, under recently added corner windows, stands its modern rival, a shining white gas range, flanked by a frigidaire and a chromium embellished sink. But easy chairs before the fireplace and an old Welsh dresser against one wall help to retain the atmosphere of the past. Opposite the fireplace a door with a latch reminiscent of the Red Riding Hood fables leads to the basement—"cellar," no doubt, to the Tod household of bygone days. This is the latch which, rumour reports—and lovers of psychic research aver—mysteriously raises itself while the door swings slowly back before the astonished gaze of occupants of the kitchen!

The nether regions to which this spirit motivated door leads must have delighted the hearts of the psychic experts. The treads of its stairs are deeply worn; the ancient joists of unhewn logs are still in place, low and threatening. Gloomy corners arouse nervous speculations. Old tales of smugglers using the dank depths of the cellar for the storing of their plunder have persisted through the years. A peculiar ramp at one side seems to give some credence to this story. Down this ramp the smugglers are supposed to have led their laden horses. A less romantic possibility, of course, is that the ramp was used for a wheel barrow bringing in wood for storage.

There are in all to-day five large fireplaces in the house, and a sixth has evidently been walled in. Their capacious chimney mouths must have consumed great quantities of firewood. But such practical facts would spoil the reputation which old John's residence to-day enjoys. We had better keep the smugglers, as well as the other story of a skeleton once having been unearthed in another corner of the old cellar.

From the kitchen, another wide but less intriguing door opens into the hall which runs through the front or newer wing of the house. Opening off it are two large and two small rooms; at one time, probably, they were sitting rooms and bedrooms. While no authoritative records are available regarding the building of this wing, it must have been added years later to the original pioneer home of three rooms. Even so it too is delightfully antique in its general plan and construction. The doors are wide and low; the windows, of casement style, have many panes of old, almost rainbow-hued glass, full of blisters and bubbles that bespeak their age. The floors, in spite of being luxuriously carpeted to-day, are still uneven as though worn and sagging with the weight of time.

The present owners have created a beautiful garden around "Trewen," with patio, lily pond, shrubs and perennial borders. There is even an excellent kitchen garden of rows of vegetables in neat array and lovely clumps of currant bushes heavy with fruit in season. Even here, however, some of the past still lingers. For there are two gnarled and ancient apple trees of unknown variety—though an old English gardener once

John Tod in his younger days. From a water colour owned by the B.C. Archives.

identified them as cider apples, or English "sweetins." Near by, a very old cherry tree, apparently a Royal Anne, lends enchantment to the spring, and sheds its petals on a velvet lawn.

So charming, indeed, is the house and its setting, that even without its intriguing background, "Trewen" would cast a spell upon the visitor. Seen in the light of its romantic past, it becomes doubly attractive; and who can blame the ghosts of its departed tenants if, now and then, they succumb to its familiar charms, and come to revisit the house that once was their home?

The Welsh dresser in the kitchen of "Trewen." The biscuit jar hanging on the right is reported to swing when the spirit moves it.

DOWN NORTH IN 1892

by Grace Lee Nute

Fifty-six years ago, Elizabeth Taylor, daughter of the celebrated American "Consul Taylor" of Winnipeg, travelled from Edmonton to Peel's River and back, thus becoming the first woman tourist to go "down north." The first instalment of Dr. Nute's article describing her pioneer voyage appeared in the last Beaver. *This second and final instalment begins as the S.S.* Wrigley, *with Miss Taylor on board, enters the Mackenzie River from Great Slave Lake.*

AT the entrance of the Mackenzie they passed the fisheries and fish now became the staple diet. But there was very nice freshly baked bread, too. "We reached Providence a short time after leaving the dinner table. A large, two-storey building of hewn logs, opposite the gateway to a good sized square, at each side smaller log houses."

Birds were recorded often now in Miss Taylor's diary: robins, sparrows (song, chipping, and white-throated), thrushes (the olive-backed and one she did not know, probably the gray-cheeked), "two yellow warblers nesting at Fort Simpson," and, much to her astonishment, rose-breasted grosbeaks.

The steamer used wood as fuel. "We are getting on wood a mile or so below Fort Simpson," she wrote on July 10. "We can see easily the island on which the Fort is placed. It is about four miles in circumferance, but is a long narrow island." Her recent stop at that fort had been short and made in a driving rain. "The usual line of figures in silhouette against the sky," i.e., the line of Indians, who were always on the edge, to shake hands solemnly with everyone on board.

Next day they spent three hours "wooding" five miles before reaching Fort Norman, where 150 "pieces" went ashore. The captain enquired for fresh meat and fish. "The man in charge has an ever frozen cellar, in which he stores his fresh meat, no need of ice, it remains frozen summer and winter." At the wooding station Miss Taylor saw burning coal seams and some moose tracks, as well as "a great deal of 'toad flax.'" There was a "strong smell of creosote from the burning coal, masses of charred moss cast up by the floods, and . . . burnt clay in all colors, some in . . . Turkey and Chinese reds, marbled with ochre or pale Chinese red and a soft sage green, dark maroons, pale salmon pink, delicate tints of 'Gendarme' blue, every imaginable combination lay there in the sand."

Next came Fort Good Hope, "only a few miles south of the Arctic Circle, but no one would imagine the high latitude from the vegetation near the post. . . . The air was filled with the perfume of roses, those beautiful northern roses with stem, leaf, and flower of almost equal fragrance, the showy yellow flowers of the arnica, the northern gallium, the beautiful rose like flowers of the Dryas, blue columbines, bilberries,

Left: Chief Trader Charles P. Gaudet, who served the Company for nearly sixty years, and his family at Fort Good Hope. His sons Leo (left) and Fred spent all their working days in the Service. Fred now lives in St. Lambert, P.Q.

Below: Miss Taylor captions this photo, "Dog Rib Indians. Fort Good Hope. In time of famine."

At Fort McPherson (Peel's River). Along the shore are Eskimo tents and oomiaks, and a sturgeon-nosed scow. The "Wrigley" lies in midstream.

cranberries, red and black currants and gooseberries, great spikes of rose colored fireweed and the raspberry, cloudberry, Siberian asters, the fleabanes, pink and Arctic, and the large blue lupine, Labrador tea, wild parsley or parsnip, and pink and purple vetches, and the yellow, the false asphodel, a number of grasses. The hermit thrushes are singing in the distant thickets, and the white throated and white crowned [and] song sparrow nearer by. The butterflies seemed to have gone to bed, but the white moths were out in great force, and, of course, the mosquitoes."

On July 13 the *Wrigley* passed the Arctic Circle. "We arrived at Good Hope about 9.00 o'clock. The high steep bank much like the other forts. But as we approached the view was very pretty. On a point nearest us stood the large buildings of the Roman Mission, then the Fort buildings, all painted in the red and white earth paint of the country. The fort had a new comfortable house, and the men's quarters at right angles in the usual Hudson Bay style, a flight of easy wooden steps led part way down the bank to high water mark, and then came a difficult stony piece down to the boat."

Mr. "Godette," i.e., C. P. Gaudet, father of the young man at Fort Smith, Madame Gaudet, and two daughters gave the newcomer a hearty welcome. "I was interested in the women of the household, kindly, bashful, simple, and I actually believe that the daughters wore hoop skirts!! In any case, their dresses were puffed out by artificial means, and had several ruffles and flounces. The mother had short hair, and wore a small black cape, made perfectly plain. . . . I think the mother spoke and understood a very little English, but she spoke French to me and to the count."

A Mr. Camsell, travelling on the *Wrigley*, was a collector of natural history items, and so, it proved, was the captain, John Bell. "Have been talking with the Captain about collecting, etc. It seems that 2½ or 3 years [ago] he sent a collection of about 250 specimens to the government at Washington. They sent on a complete set of instruments, papers, nets, poison, etc. No compensation given as near as I could make out. Fred Camsell* helped him before he [Camsell] went out to college."

*This should read *George* Camsell, Fred's brother, who became a doctor and now lives in Winnipeg. The "Mr. Camsell" referred to at the beginning of the paragraph was their father, Chief Factor Julian S. Camsell, in charge of the Mackenzie River District. He and Capt. Bell set up the natural history museum at Fort Simpson.—Ed.

From there the party—minus the Catholic bishop, who got off at the Arctic Red River amidst a gathering of his faithful Loucheux Indians— went down the Mackenzie River to Peel River, which comes in from the west, and then up that stream to Fort McPherson or Peel's River post. Here Miss Taylor met Eskimos for the first and only time in her travels. "I had been disappointed in the fishing, and by the short time allowed at the forts, and the midnight sun had—unfortunately for me—dipped below the range of the Rockies; but the Eskimos surpassed my fondest expectations. As a fat old woman toddled down to meet me, her broad face shining with whale oil, her dress inside out to keep it clean, her husband's hair in a bunch on top of her head, her toes turned in and her elbows turned out—I felt that I had fully 'realized my ideal.' With convulsive giggles she grasped my hand firmly with one of hers, while with the other she

"A fat old woman toddled down to meet me, her broad face shining with whale oil."

The Eskimo dance at Peel's River described below. The two men dancers are leaping into the air.

patted me affectionately on the shoulder. Evidently I impressed her as presenting an utterly absurd appearance, for, after looking me all over, she would shut her eyes, shake her head from side to side and go off into a fit of laughter."

On July 14 "we had a dance . . . given us by the Eskimos. The spectators sat under the shade of the storehouse, while the performers gathered in a circle in the open space. The women had turned their dresses right side out in honor of the occasion, and the men wore their best clothes. The singing resembled the usual Indian chant, but with rather more variety and music in it, and was accompanied by five or six flat drums made out of sealskin [caribou skin] stretched over a hoop of wood, beaten with a single flat stick. First one man leaped into the middle of the circle, then a woman followed him, and they went through a pantomime advancing and retreating, waving one another away with scorn and horror, and then becoming appeased, then friendly; at last they retired and others took their places, while all those remaining beat upon the drums and sang at the top of their voices."

These, Miss Taylor wrote, were the only natives unchanged by the whites. With one exception—a woman with a calico dress and a bright red shawl—they wore nothing that came from the trading posts except a few beads or a button or two sewed on a bit of deerskin and attached to a pipe as an ornament. They were larger, more warlike, and more treacherous and suspicious than even the other Eskimos east and west of the delta. No credit was allowed them at the post, for they would always be dissatisfied and would claim more than was their due. "A trade is always effected on the spot."

"I was surprised to find such a luxuriant growth at the Delta. Indeed, it was finer than half way down the river, the grasses, and flowers, and even the trees were larger and grew in more profusion, and the weather grew hotter the farther north we went.

"The path [at Peel's River post] was lined with a luxurious growth of grasses waist high, mingled with the great willow herb; parting these and stooping down, I found the pretty white flowers of the Stellaria, resembling the common southern variety, but striped with purple. The twin flower grew on every knoll, larger and deeper in color than any I had seen before, with wild mustard, roses, and, back of the fort, great patches of wild rhubarb in full flower. . . . Later on I came to the muskeg, where the Labrador tea was just going out of bloom . . . cranberries and cloud-berries, Andromeda, and lychnis, the pretty yellow flowers of the lousewort, the large white buckbean growing by the edge of the pond, large northern yellow lilies in the water, shrubby cinquefoil, marsh ragwort, and Siberian asters, were all growing here in profusion. I now left the marsh and climbed down the hillside into the shaded woods which bordered the river; here I found two kinds of orchids, the marsh marigold in seed, the fragrant pink and white flowers of the valerian, and the 'lady smock, all silver white.' Dainty pink and white vetches, and the bishop's cap were here too, growing high and rank. I had never seen the 'lady smock' before, except in England; but this was prettier than the English variety, and more graceful and delicate. In the darkest part of the wood, growing among the moss and dead leaves, I found a plant new to me and one seldom seen by botanists. It was a queer little growth, belonging to the Broom Rape family, a thick upright stem, about five inches high, crowded with small maroon or deep crimson flowers."

On the return trip the boat went to Fort Rae. Here she noted grass of Parnassus in bud and such a display of lichens and mosses as she had never seen before. Here, too, she had the luxury of a hot bath and "instituted a search for the Indian afflictions." These Indians were poverty stricken, emaciated, woe begone and miserable, to use her adjectives. "The fort buildings painted with the white earth, not a real white,

Dog Rib tents at Fort Rae, with their "long pointed canoes" of birch bark. Henry Jones.

but a soft very pale gray. A large number of lodges on the slope and brow of the hill and on shore. The long pointed canoes of the Dog-Ribs made light to carry over the many portages."

Miss Taylor's diary has fewer entries on the return trip. However, the long days of tracking up the rapids interested her deeply, and she writes at length of this process and the men who struggled along shore and deep in the water, pulling up the boats. "The life of the [Athabasca] river is much as it used to be in the old *voyageur* days, except that the hours are shorter and the stops longer. One is awakened at about half-past four o'clock by the cry from the head guide, '*Ho leve! leve! leve!*' and then comes the sleepy stirring of the men and the fragrant smoke of the balsam poplar, telling that the fires have been lighted; and in less than an hour we have taken a hasty cup of tea, tents are taken down, bedding packed away, and our voyage is resumed. We stop for breakfast at half-past seven or eight o'clock and again at noon, at four o'clock and at camping time. . . .

"The same sturgeon-head boats of the downward trip were in readiness, loaded with bales of furs. The boats seemed roomy and comfortable without the oarsmen, having one man only at the sweep and one at the prow, with a large pole to keep the boat off the rocks. Six men in harness drew the boat along, a stout leather band passing around the chest and being attached to the main line. The latter was about two hundred feet long and the boat was drawn along in the stream at quite a distance from the shore. The motion is delightful, and in good weather nothing can be pleasanter than this way of travelling. One passes near enough to the shore to note the vegetation

Men "spelling" in scows on the Athabaska River. J. W. Mills.

on the banks, and has freedom to move from place to place on the bales, or lie at ease reading or writing. . . . The only sound was the low whistling of Baptiste at the helm, with his occasional word to Jules at the prow, or the note of a chickadee or moosebird from the shore. . . . The velvety greenness extended to the very water's edge, where long ranks of small sunflowers grew, with goldenrod and asters, gallium and yarrow, berries of several kinds, and the pink and white bells of the dogbane.

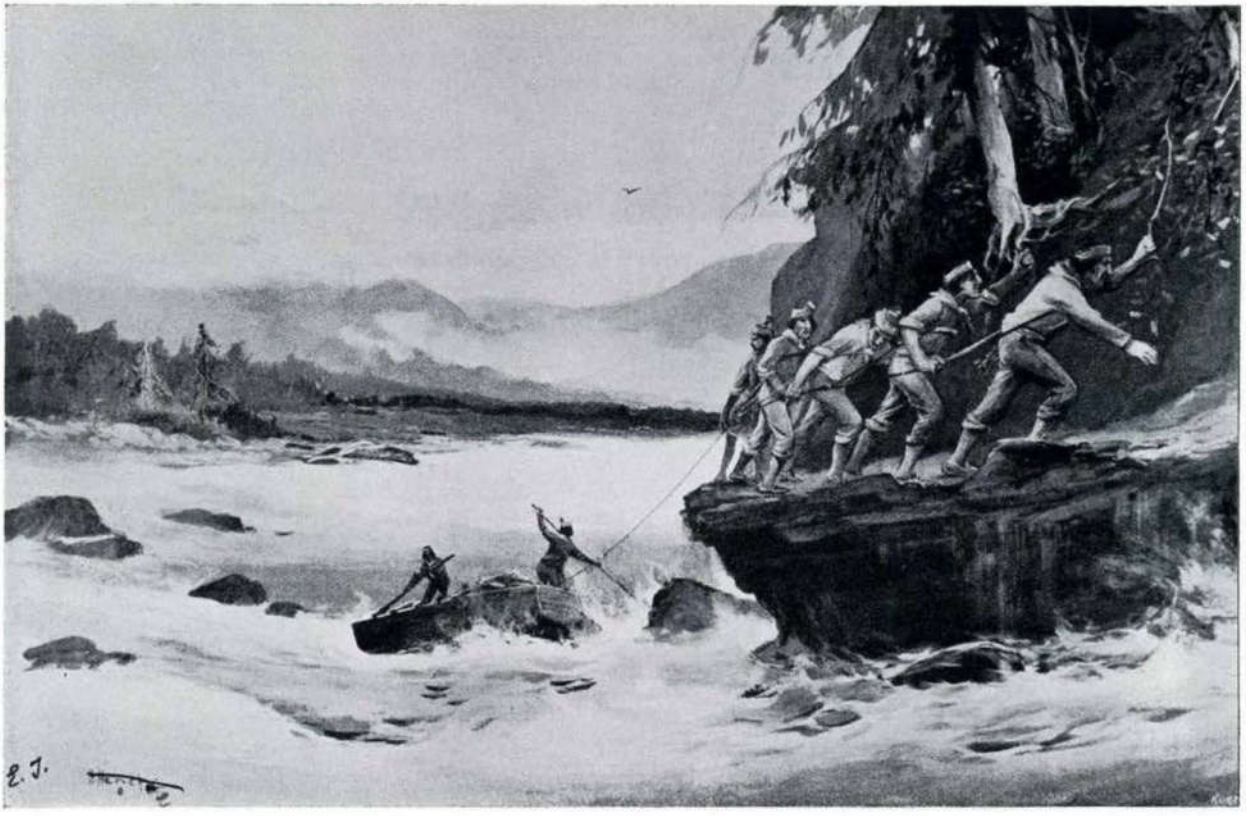
"It seemed unkind to feel so comfortable when the men in harness were toiling so hard to pull our craft along. And painful work it was, climbing over the rocks, plunging into water to the waist, scrambling over fallen trees, sometimes climbing over the sloping hillsides high above the rapids, and sometimes forced by the power of the rushing waters to give up foot after foot of ground. . . . Sometimes two crews had to combine. . . . The men have kept little of the picturesque costume of the *voyageur* of the old days, only the bright handkerchief on the head, the moccasins, and an occasional fine bag and *L'Assomption* sash. But their weather-stained clothes had taken on all kinds of faded tints, so attractive to an artist's eye, and with their long unkempt hair and the gay touches of color in kerchief and sash, the crew were fit subjects for a sketch as they were grouped about the camp-fires." And the artist in the writer prompted her to sketch them not only about the fire, but also hard at work tracking. After her return, she published a series of articles about her trip in a nationally famous magazine. Accompanying them were pictures, mostly drawn by hack artists from her sketches, and lacking the genuineness and realism of her work. One of these, full of life and detail, she cut out and pasted in her scrapbook. It shows the crew of one boat tracking up a rather difficult stretch of the rapids. In the left hand corner she has struck out the hack artist's name and written in the initials of her own name, thus signifying, without doubt, that the picture is her own work. It affords an excellent idea of the type of crewman she described in her diary as well as the dangerous and difficult business of tracking.

On the outward trip there was a sick priest and "three husky missionary's children, active and forever getting into predicaments and dangerous positions," besides two other children not so bad. "Our poor priest had a very bad night . . . I have heard with his ears the last few days. In that poorly built steamboat every sound seemed intensified and the missionary wife's three children are perfect terrors, a constant chorus of wails and shouts, fights and weeps."

One day she wrote, "The babies are not well, and I have a very hard cold. The mother will have the window closed, and the babies cry most of the night, and the time is one of misery." She longed to go on deck at night, but "the men are sleeping outside." Finally the misery was over on August 26, and fate helped her to get an unexpected wagon ride to Edmonton, which would enable her to catch the train she wanted at Calgary.

At Edmonton she wrote *finis* to her Mackenzie River diary with these words: "It is so queer to be here. I have not slept in a bed for about three months, nor tasted beef for eleven weeks. I feel queer and bashful and over-awed by some dudish cowboys and frontiersmen that I see in the street."

The picture of the men tracking up the Athabaska referred to above. Miss Taylor has crossed out the name of the hack artist (who had obviously never witnessed such a scene) and substituted her own initials.



BOOK REVIEWS

WHEN THE STEEL WENT THROUGH, Reminiscences of a Railroad Pioneer, by P. Turner Bone. Macmillans, Toronto, 1947. 180 pages.

DEALING as it does with the life of the author from childhood through his active adult years until advanced age and retirement, this book is first of all an autobiography. And since first-person narratives bring to the reader a sense of immediacy, of being an actual onlooker at the scenes described, this adds to its interest.

After finishing his studies and serving a five-year apprenticeship in engineering in his native Scotland, Mr. Bone in 1882 came to Canada and obtained employment as an engineer with the "Syndicate" which, with the aid of money and a land grant from the federal government, had shouldered the formidable task of laying the first of Canada's two steel lines to span the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This of course was the Canadian Pacific Railway. He joined the group of engineers engaged on construction somewhere about Moose Jaw, and continued on the work until its completion with the driving of the last spike connecting the two sections of the line, from east and west, meeting at Craigellachie in the Rockies.

The book is valuable in that it gives some idea of the enormous amount of work involved and of the obstacles to be overcome in the carrying through of an enterprise of such magnitude. But its chief merit, in the view of this commentator, lies in what it tells of the famous men whose names are thickly bestrewn amongst its pages—men, then for the most part unknown to the public, who were ultimately to gain world-wide recognition as outstanding Canadians in the fields of industry, politics, finance, art, philanthropy and religion—many of them men of vision, with the courage to accept the hazards inseparable from such a project. To cite just a few of those on this list: George Stephen, R. B. Angus, Duncan McIntyre, H. S. Holt, D. D. Mann, William Mackenzie, James Ross, Walter Moberly and W. C. Van Horne—all active participants in some way in the job of seeing that the steel went through.

Then there is Sir John A. Macdonald, first prime minister of the Dominion, whom the author sees blinking as he faces the wind seated on the cowcatcher of the engine on his first and only trip over the C.P.R. to the Pacific coast; Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Canada's second premier; Donald A. Smith, of the Hudson's Bay Company, philanthropist, member of the federal parliament and later Lord Strathcona, prominent in many Canadian enterprises and charities and the man who drove the last spike.

One of the most interesting things in connection with this list is the name of Derwyn Trevor Owen, whom the author mentions as having served as his youthful rodman on construction. Young Owen was later to become Anglican Archbishop of Toronto and Primate of all Canada.

All in all, whatever its other merits, Mr. Bone's book has a definite historical value. It is illustrated with photos of the early west, and has a commendatory foreword by D. C. Coleman.—*W. B. Cameron.*

BRIGHT WITH SILVER, by Kathrene Pinkerton. Wm. Sloane Associates, New York, and George J. McLeod, Toronto, 1947. 347 pages.

BRIGHT with Silver is the story of the five Fromm brothers of Hamburg, Wisconsin, whose name is associated with the largest single fur farming enterprise yet seen. It might almost be called the story of silver fox farming, of which this book forms a most interesting background.

Handicapped at first by paternal opposition, lack of knowledge and of capital, the Fromm boys had to overcome these and, later, many other hazards by teamwork, thrift, inventiveness, determination and adaptability before they could realize their lifelong ambition to raise fine silver foxes. They also cultivated and sold a secondary product, ginseng root, which, while often equally hazardous as a business venture, saved them from ruin on many occasions.

There is, perhaps, a little too much space devoted to the technical aspects of the two industries. However, for those who are interested in these matters, the chapters on epidemics, genetics, veterinary research and experiment graphically illustrate the battle that continually has to be waged for the safety of livestock on a fur farm.

For those considering starting in fur farming, this book is recommended as it very fairly presents, in an interesting style, both the risks and rewards of the industry and the qualities required to make a success of it.—*F. L. Heyes.*

AND ALL YOUR BEAUTY, by Wm. R. Watson, Macmillans, Toronto, 1948. 385 pages.

NOTHING within the covers of this book contradicts the description on the jacket: "A conversational portrait of Canada based on a trailer trip made by a daring and delightful young couple and their dog." Bill and Marguerite Watson and their spaniel Keltie made the trailer journey from Toronto to the Maritime Provinces, then back across Canada over the prairies and mountains to the Pacific Coast.

The book is more than just travel. It is an interpretation of Canadian life and people as seen from the viewpoint of various "typical" Canadians. Personal experience, deep thought—and a thorough reading of tourist literature—have gone into its preparation. All too often it gives evidence of poorly-digested chunks of publicity releases. Few errors mar the nearly 400 pages of text, however, and those are minor ones, such as referring to India's Sikhs as "Persians."

One wonders for whom the book was designed? If for American readers, it will prove informative and readable, though they may come to the conclusion that Canadians are an hysterical and opinionated lot saddled with a race problem. If for Canadian readers, they hardly seem to need it—these "typical" characters spout paragraphs of learned lore, their dates and

statistics appallingly accurate for what are meant to appear as casual conversations.

Canadians on the whole are not well informed about their own history and geography, and anyone can learn a great deal from this up-to-date book. But these characters, real as they may be to the author, are merely stooges. Even Marguerite is forever having things explained to her and "feigning interest." Actually, she is both charming and intelligent otherwise, and the reader suspects it is stupidity which she is feigning.

The result is not convincing—and it is the author's first duty to his reader to appear plausible. These highly instructive conversations are also highly artificial.

That is indeed the main criticism of Mr. Watson's book—its literary bones are showing. Literary devices should not be so obvious that the reader becomes more alert to them than to the material itself. The use of the third person is not necessary, though it is not offensive at all. But odd bits of stage business, synonyms for the verb "said," and endless quotation marks have a rather feverish effect. It is a pity that many of the fine photographs illustrating the book were reproduced on such a small scale as to lose much of their detail.—*Lyn Harrington.*

THE EMPIRE BUILDERS, by Robert Ormond Case. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., 1947. 333 pages.

SEVERAL years ago a Portland, Oregon, radio station KOIN broadcast a number of realistic historical incidents concerning the settlement of the Oregon country. These stories were given the Peabody award for programs of that type in 1944. Recently Mr. Case wrote up the radio scripts and they are presented in an attractive book exciting in detail and covering a broad and interesting period of Oregon history.

The work is divided into twenty-five chapters, each one a complete incident in itself. The book cannot properly be classified as history, inasmuch as the author violates many if not all of the canons of historiography in relating the highly personalized tales. It is, however, the kind of historical literature that captivates the mind, dwelling as it does on the individual exploits of a number of characters, each of whom played a role of some distinction in the development of the region. The stories are well, even excitingly, written; the dialogue, much of which is supplied by the author, is interesting and probable and the narration is splendid. The writer seems to this reviewer to be at his best when he is depicting the brave and sometimes desperate struggles of the early pioneers in their attempts (always successful) to reach the promised land of the admittedly fertile Willamette valley. The most penetrating studies appear to be made of those women who, through incredible hardship and fortitude, brought their little brood safely through experiences which demonstrated that not all of the iron in a covered wagon train was in the hoops.

In portraying the character of Dr. John McLoughlin, one is tempted to believe that the words put in his mouth are more than a little overdrawn. He is portrayed here as a kind of cantankerous old curmudgeon with a heart of gold underneath his gruff and sometimes violent manner. It is unlikely that he treated his underlings with so little courtesy and still more unlikely that they acted in so servile a role. In casting the deciding factors for possession of the vast Oregon country in the form of highly personalized struggles between individuals, a distorted view of the historical process is given. Political and diplomatic factors are ignored or given scant recognition. But further than this the local characters are made to play roles far transcending their importance on the national and international scene.

The resources of the Willamette valley are more than once included at the end of various chapters in a way that soon palls on the reader. Local bombast is rife. There is nothing new in the actual events related; all of the characters and events are well known to serious students of the Pacific Northwest. It is exceedingly doubtful that the account of the May 1843 meeting to form a provisional government, as related, is accurate. No one today knows with certainty how many persons were present at the described meeting and all that can be said about the vote is that it was close. No actual figure such as 52 for and 50 against formation can be stated with certainty. But the tale is well told.

The author has done a distinct service in presenting a series of historical stories in a fascinating manner. Many will read them who would turn from the more serious studies of dry-as-dust scholars. This reviewer believes that persons of all ages from youngsters to oldsters will spend a thrilling evening deeply engrossed in *The Empire Builders.—Philip H. Overmeyer.*

A NATURE GUIDE FOR FARMERS, by Kerry Wood. H. R. Larson Publishing Co., Saskatoon, 1947. 116 pages.

WRITTEN in a free and entertaining style ostensibly for farmers, this book will be found of interest to a wide range of people, whether or not they live on the land. It should, of course, be of particular value to young and old in rural areas, not only because it is entertaining reading but also because these rural dwellers should be well posted on the life and habits of birds and animals commonly found in the countryside, and particularly if they affect farming.

An important theme which runs through most of the book deals with the menace of mice. Mention is made of the distress and destruction caused by lemmings which overrun Northern Europe at times, the inference being that such invasions are possible in Canada also. Mice are present in all rural areas in Canada in much larger numbers than might be suspected, as they keep themselves well out of sight as a rule, and the destruction of farm crops caused by them amounts to a huge total every year. Without predatory wild life of different kinds—the more important of which are described in detail here—this loss would be very much greater; so the author refers again and again to the effect these furred or feathered friends and enemies have in minimizing the mouse population. And next to the mouse in the list of menaces comes the gopher.

[*Continued on page 50*

Left to right: Viscountess Alexander, Brigadier R. S. Malone, A.D.C.; C. S. Riley, Chairman, Canadian Committee, H B C; Viscount Alexander; P. A. Chester, Managing Director, H B C. Winnipeg Free Press.

Vice-Regal Visit

ON Saturday, May the first, the Company was honoured by a visit to Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, of Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and Viscountess Alexander. The occasion was the celebration of the Company's two hundred and seventy-eighth anniversary. The vice-regal party spent about three hours in the building, visiting the various departments and ending their tour with a luncheon served in the staff lunch room and Beaver Club lounge.

To give Their Excellencies an insight into Company operations, particularly those in the North, displays were set up in various parts of the building, including models of the new stores and dwellings, samples of the latest building materials, a standard medical chest as supplied to the posts, the newest radio equipment, a representative post library, post furnishings, and photographs of the various types of northern transportation. In the fur trade depot they watched trade goods being packed and marked for the northern posts, and were shown typical selections of merchandise. They also saw displays of choice raw furs, some firearms and Indian handicrafts from the Company's historical collection, and some Eskimo ivory carvings.

Before the party left the building, the Viscountess received six fine dark marten skins as a gift from the Company.

Essentially the book is written from the viewpoint of the agriculturalist. In delineating each species, the good and bad characteristics are enlarged upon. The longest chapter is on hawks, which have been commonly regarded by the farmer as enemies. The author refutes this by asserting that most hawks are beneficial, and then proceeds to distinguish carefully by written descriptions and drawings between the good and the bad. Crows, which have some good points, and magpies, which have none, come in for a long chapter too. Even the coyote is beneficial in some respects, though he may have some bad habits too. Snakes, robins, gophers, owls, beavers, bats, rabbits, big game animals as well as small fry—all these and more come in for comment, and the author often describes the means that may be employed in dealing with the bad actors, or in coping with the evil habits of those which in other respects are beneficial.

Altogether a delightful book for anyone who is interested in wild life or who needs to be informed about it. The author, Kerry Wood, well known naturalist of Red Deer, Alberta, is to be congratulated on the selection and arrangement of his material, and on the informative yet entertaining presentation he has achieved.

The book is profusely illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches, cartoons, and diagrams, as well as some photographs.—*W. E. H. & C. N. R.*

TRAPPING, by Harold McCracken and Harry van Cleve. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, 1947. 196 pages.

THIS is one of the best books I have seen on the trapping of fur bearing animals. But as it was written mainly for United States trappers, it is not entirely applicable to conditions farther north. In the chapter on muskrat, for instance, there is a good description of how to trap these animals in open water; in Canada, however, almost all rats are trapped, after the ice has formed, in push-ups or feed holes. (See the March 1948 *Beaver*, "Ratting in the Delta.") A hole is cut on a slant into the feeder and the trap set below the water's edge. It is important that everything is buried in the snow or the trap will freeze solid.

In regard to beaver, the ice set diagram illustrated is not recommended, because the trap set crosswise on the pole, or in the direction of the beaver's approach, has a tendency to throw the animal's foot out instead of taking hold.

In trapping mink, blind sets are most successful, in cold climates, placed in mink runways where they travel on creek banks under ice. Many are also taken on the sides of muskrat houses.

As regards lynx, here in Canada, where the lynx always follows rabbits, more of these fur bearers are taken in snares, because when rabbits are plentiful they are always getting into steel traps and setting them off. But treated lynx snares are never bothered by rabbits and the snares are not affected by a few inches of snow.

In northern climates, more foxes and wolves are taken by traps and snares in trail sets. Bears are usually caught by a trap set in a pen, but it should not be buried crosswise, as then it is liable to throw the foot out.—*William Blowey.*

TO EFFECT AN ARREST, by Harwood Steele. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1947. 311 pages.

IT is said that the Mounted Police lack the literary imagination to dress up their deeds, that their reports are too stereotyped, too matter-of-fact. Harwood Steele has taken it upon himself to correct this in his latest book, *To Effect an Arrest.* The volume is enveloped in a "King of the Royal Mounted" jacket, on which there is a short history of himself and his distinguished father. The author admits in his foreword that the stories are written in the form of fiction, but adds that they have "authentic flavouring." This flavouring is liberally sprinkled. Let it never be said that the Force lacks literary imagination when its son Harwood Steele starts romancing.

The book begins well with the story of a police horse, "Rufus the Outlaw." The author is an old cavalry officer himself, and his description of the atmosphere of the Force in the days when horse was king is really good; but it has an impossible ending. The third is "Storm Child," an entirely imaginative account of what might have been a mixture of the Charcoal and Almighty Voice cases. The story of "An Affair of Courage" is even too far fetched for fiction. Here the civilian hero goes for weeks without food, lost in a wilderness where man and dogs eye each other as a possible meal; then, when a police supply cache is found, the hero passes it up on account of the sanctity of the cache. The trail is tough at times but it's not that tough. This story has a flavouring of the Fitzgerald Patrol.

The tale of "The Martinet" is highly imaginative heroic fantasy. The Force never had such officers, nor had its men to put up with such. This tale has another flavouring of Almighty Voice. "Ace of Huskies" is about a mythical police dog. When did the Force ever send dangerous prisoners from Dawson to Skagway with one man and one dog team? The blizzard is graphically described, but neither men nor dogs could travel in such weather. Then we read "The Force Can't Fail." Since when did sergeants on detachment try to break the spirit of their men by constant drill? Incidentally, the Force is not called "The Silent Service." Surely this name is the Navy's prerogative!

The above comments deal with six of the chapters. There are eleven more along similar lines. We read of a sergeant and three men chasing out after a deserter in "The Boundary Line," while in "An Irresistible Combination" one man is sent to quell three hundred rioters. There are three tales related by a mythical Constable Sinister, whose imaginative powers seem to be as great as those of the author.

"Prestige of the Scarlet" is a clever bit of romancing from the Eastern Arctic. Authenticity is not strained here: it is pulled apart. The final and longest chapter that bears the title of the book is the most fantastic of the whole lot.

One wonders why intelligent writers of Mounted Police fiction should always portray the Force as a body of super-men, super-horses and super-dogs—and lately super-women, as in the recent best seller *Mrs. Mike.* The men of the Force are just ordinary men, and why such a fine writer and champion of the R.C.M.P. as Harwood Steele has stooped to this "fiction of authentic flavouring" is beyond the comprehension of this ex-member.—*C. D. La Nauze.*

Haying Time. Harold M. Lambert.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta

Ranching

Grain Growing

Mixed Farming

Write for information to

Land Department, Winnipeg

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

HUDSON'S BAY *Point* BLANKETS

Since the days when Hudson's Bay *Point* Blankets were a pioneer article of Canadian trade, the distinctive "Point" marks have become a symbol of quality as well as a standard of size . . . 4 Point for full-size double beds and 3½ Point for single beds.

Only Hudson's Bay *Point* Blankets carry the genuine "Seal of Quality" label which, together with the famous points, is your guarantee of the world's finest blankets.